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THE 1934

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DEDICATION

TO Mr. C. Lowell Lees, whose interest has stimulated and enlarged the dramatic curriculum, whose activity has instigated and worked out new methods for this branch of school life, and whose manner has endeared him to the whole school as an excellent teacher, a hard worker and a fine personality, we dedicate the 1934

W I S C O N S I N

MR. H. H. RYAN

H H Ryan

Faculty

Alone

I love to sit alone on the beach,
And watch the waves roll by,
Rhythmically washing against the shore,
Prepared to live and to die.
I love to go alone through the woods,
When everything is dark and still,
To hear the rustling of the leaves,
The feature of God's good will.
I love to stroll alone on a walk,
To sit by the side of the road,
To watch the carefree men that go by,
Without a burden or load.
I love to lie alone on the grass,
To gaze at the stars a'sailing,
Softly floating majestically on
Needless to fear of failing.
I love to be alone in the night
Beneath the shining skies,
To marvel at the restful heavens,
With their own melodical sighs.
I'd love to remain alone forever,
No worry of being bad or nice,
All my freedom belonging to me,
My own little Paradise.

HORACE WILKIE

First Row—Miss Faster, Mrs. Voss, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Hinderman, Miss Borchers, Miss White.
Second Row—Miss R. Johnson, Mrs. Rector, Miss Hoard, Miss Weber, Mrs. Nofsker, Mr. Springhorn, Miss Weightman, Miss Guyles.
Top Row—Mrs. Perry, Mr. Davis, Mr. Hartung, Mr. Skewes, Mr. Rippe, Mr. Pooley, Mr. Lees, Miss Lathrop.

Faculty

W.H.S. has its well-known initials.
The first H.H.R.—chief official's.
Home Room recognize
G. S. C.'s and Hi-Y's.
Our chief—exalted! judicial!

The slogan around here is Faster
Who looks north to a possible master
She hammers the keys
Executes all with great ease,
Does the queen of the office, Miss Faster.

Weber and Henderson on the third floor,
Have offered their courses which rate a high score.
Camp-cookery, calories,
How much on low salaries,
Could our H. S. fare better or more?

Two on our staff of the same—
J-o-h-n-s-o-n is the name.
To tell you the truth
Both Laura and Ruth,
Extend their departments to Fame!

Pure mathematics without gloss
Is what she stands for—Miss Voss!
The finish here
Is us—'tis clear
She feeds us without apple sauce.

Gladys Borchers makes way for our speech
Mrs. Perry our civics does teach
Work piled fast and thick
Makes us all politick
We're sure we're quite ready to preach.

Our comedian, Vince Kivlin, Oh! Oh!
Who insists that you never shall know
That as vaudeville he's clever—
Do you 'spose he would ever
Let us bill him next fall for a show?

When we're in trouble we seek Mrs. Burr,
Our reasons, our faults we tell her;
She talks straight to us,
Doesn't want any fuss,
She means much to us—Mrs. Burr.

In the math. dept. is Maurice Hartung
No foolishness, please don't you startung!
Three-thirty for you
If you stir up a stew—
You'll forget you felt cleverly smartung.

Wayne's feeling for art will not wane;
Color, stroke, tint, and line,
Is it art for art's sake without pain?
And mass in sunshine,
How to get such effects, just ask Wayne.

And now to our good coach, Russ Rippe
Who teaches the boys not to slippe
In codes of the school
As well as games by the rule,
And warns, "Run; move your legs from the hippe."

In the basement lives Hinderman Roy
Who thinks vocational themes a real joy;
When he charters a bus
It means lots to us,
A basketball victory, O Boy!

With us is a lady named Rector
Who's labelled, of course, a Detector
Of our musical pains,
Discords, harmonies, strains,
To great musical heights—our Projector!

Another among us is Pooley
Who nurtures our English most truly,
Sonnets and odes,
He reads and writes loads—
And fosters our talents unduly.

The newest chauffeur among us is Burr
To whom it did never occur
That a Dodge 8 so nifty
With gears ready to shifty
Could easily pass fifty per!

Lathrop queens the study hall
Where time is served by great and small—
Accounts for books
And furtive looks
And watches our ambitions stall.

Deutsch auch ist gesprochen hier
With Miss Jenson standing near—
She knows our game
And finds us lame,
But need that seem so very queer?

Three steps at a time every day
George Skewes lights up our school's way
To the third floor so high
To teach us all why
The stars shine by night and by day!

On our staff is a fellow named Ira
Who believes we should all well aspira
To be scientific—
Make the work stiffic—
And all who can't work, simply fira.

To discriminate textiles and qualities true,
Mrs. Nofsker directs her attention for you—
Colors and thread
Shrinkage and spread!
What's latest and best in materials new!

All the girls know Dorothy White
Who sings to us Left-Right! Left-Right!
If we work hard and fast
We know we can't last—
And fairy-like, slink out of sight!

In the Latin department stand Weightman and Guyles
Who teach conjugations with coaxes and smiles,
Word-wide expansion
Vergilian scansion
No leisure time here in these classical styles!

The department of literachoor
Is in Room 207 for sure—
Before us Miss Hoard
Signals "All Aboard"—
Reveals the findings of great writings pure!

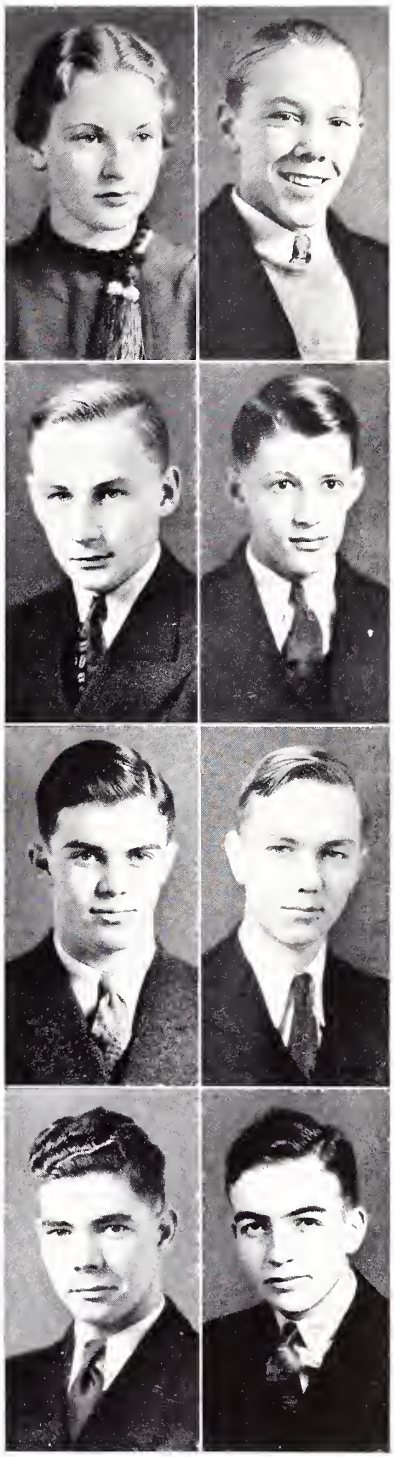
Classes

The Night

Oh starry starry night
The Lady moon is shining bright
She sends her light out far and wide
Over plain or mountain side
On the bleak or wooded hill
In the dell and mossy rill
Upon the giant red oak trees
And on the shores of endless seas
Half the world lies in the light
Of the glorious queen of night.

Out of the heavens vault of blue
Ten thousand stars come out anew
Mighty Regile of Orion
Gleaming Regulus of the Lion
Vega of the sweet toned lyre
But over them all reigns their sire
Sirius the mighty king star
Whose silver beams may be seen from afar
Out-shining all of the stars that were sent
By the gods to light their firmament.

SYLVIA JACKSON



BETTY JANE BLOCK "Boop"

Student Council 2; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship—Phy. Ed. 4; Annual Staff 1; Committee of 18 1; Class Basketball 4; Class Baseball 4; Girls Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Debating Club 4; Girls Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Rosamund 4; Pinatore 3; Mikado 2; Thalia 4, 3, 2, 1, Treas. 1; Christopher Bean 1; Wisconsin.

STEPHAN CRANE BRADLY "Steve"

Entered from St. Johns Military Academy 2.
Student Council 1; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship—Foods 2; Annual Staff—Photographic Editor 1; Committee of 18 2, 1; Hockey 2, 1, Capt. 1; Swimming 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 2, 1; Class Basketball 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 1; Red Domino 1; One Act Plays 1. Dartmouth.

C. CARLTON BRECHHLER

Entered from Central 2.
Debating Club 1, Pres. 1; Activities Editor 1934 Annual. Wisconsin.

FORDYCE MARLOW BROWN "Ford"

Student Council 4; Class Treas. 3, 2, 1; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship—Biology 4; Chemistry 2; Business Manager 1934 Wisconsin; Class Basketball 1; Class Baseball 3, 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 1, Secy. 1; Debating Club 4, 3.

KEITH CARTER "Casey"

Entered from West High 2.
Prom Committee 2; Football 2, 1, "W" 1; Golf Squad 1; Swimming 1; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 1; Orchestra 2; Christopher Bean 1. Wisconsin.

MALCOLM BRUINS COLE "Mac"

Class Vice Pres. 1; Regent Scholarship—Geometry 3, English 2; Annual Staff 1; Golf Squad 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 1; Christopher Bean 1. Wisconsin.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN CURTIN "Joe"

Entered from Stephanson High, Mississippi.
Class Basketball 1; Class Baseball 1; Debating Club 1; Tennis Team 1. Wisconsin.

EDMUND CHARLES DOLLARD "Bud"

Class Pres. 3; Committee of 18 2, 1; Swimming Squad 3, 2, 1, Capt 1, "W" 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 1; Debating Club 4; Boys Glee Club 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Debutante 1; Captains Council 1. Wisconsin.

JEROME A. FELT "Jerry"

Prom Committee 2; Football 2, 1, "W" 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Debating Club 4; Red Domino 1. Tulane.

RUTH MARY DUDLEY "Toots"

Class Secy. 1; Regent Scholarship—Latin 3, 2, Orchestra 2; Literary Editor 1934 Annual; Class Basketball 4, 3; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Salutatorian; Debutante 1. Wisconsin.

GEORGE GOULD

Wisconsin.

DOROTHY HELEN HECK "Dot"

Class Basketball 4, Girls Student Club 1; Girls Glee Club 2; Triaconta 3, 2, 1; Symphony in Black and White 1. Wisconsin.

DELORES JUNE HINKEL "Dee"

Entered from East Side High School 1.
Girls Student Club 1. Wisconsin.

ROBERT BREWER HOPKINS "Bob"

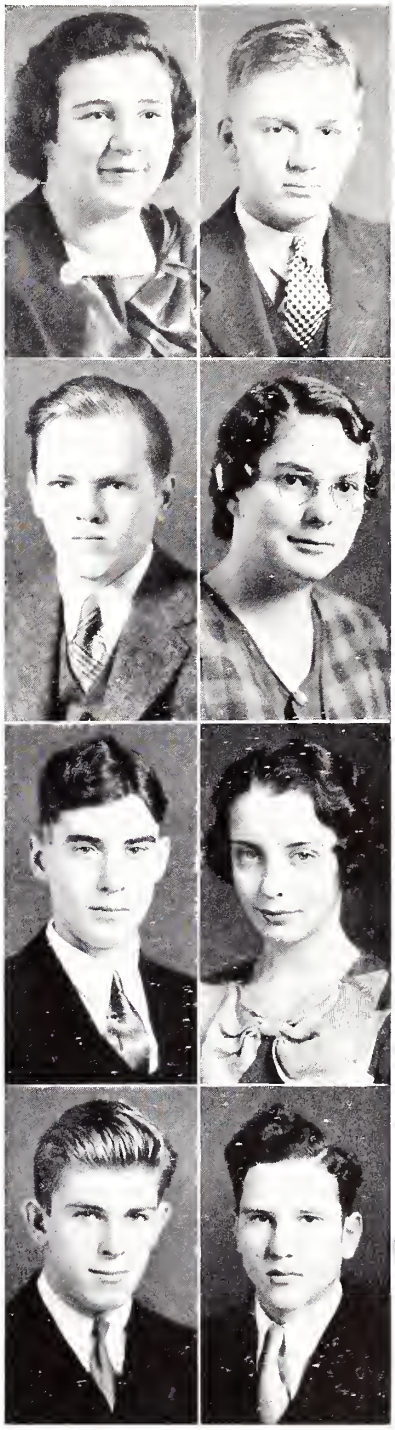
Regent Scholarship—English 1; Annual Staff 3, 1; Committee of 18 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Red Domino 1; Mikado 2; Pinafore 3; Debutante 1. Wisconsin.

JOHN WILLIAM HOUSEHOLDER "Johnnie"

Class Vice Pres. 4; Committee of 18 2, 1; Prom Committee 2; Football 3, 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Basketball 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1, "W" 3, 2, 1; Track 3, 2, "W" 3; Class Basketball 4; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 2 1; Captains Council 1.

MARY-JANE IRENE JOACHIM

Entered from East Side High School 2.
Annual Staff 2, 1, Art Editor 1; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 2, 1. Wisconsin.



THELMA KAPLAN "Kappy"

Entered from West High 2.
G.A.A. 2; Girl Student Club 2. Wisconsin.

FRANK KETTERER "Slim"

Prom Committee 2; Football 2, 1; Basketball 1, Manager 1, "W" 1; Hockey 2, 1; Swimming Squad 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Debating Club 4; Boys Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 2. Wisconsin.

JOHN SHIPP LARSON "Monk"

Football 4, 3; Track 4, 3; Class Baseball 4.

ARDITH LINDSAY

Girls Glee Club 4, 3; Girls Student Club 4, 3.
Entered from Central 2.

ROBERT MACIVER "Bob"

Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 1. Wisconsin.

JEAN BARBARA MATHEWS

Prom Queen 2, Regent Scholarship—Biology 3, Art 2; Annual Staff 3, 2, 1; Committee of 18 3, 2; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Girl Student Club 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Play 4; Seven Keys to Baldpate 2; Christopher Bean 1; Extemporaneous Reading 3, 1. Wisconsin.

DUNCAN BRECK MARSH "Duckay"

Class Vice Pres. 2; Student Council 1, Pres. 1; Prom Committee 2, Athletic Editor 1934 Wisconsin; Committee of 18 2, 1; Football 2, 1, "W" 2, 1, Basketball 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Track 2, 1, Capt 1, "W" 2, 1; Class Basketball 4 3; Class Baseball 4 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 4, 3, 2; Orchestra 4, 3; Captains Council 1. Dartmouth.

RANSOME WAYNE MILLER "Ranny"

Football 3, 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Basketball 1, "W" 1; Track 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1. Wisconsin.

ARTHUR HANS PETERSEN "Pete"

Prom Chairman 2; Humor Editor 1934 Wisconsin; Committee of 18 3, 2, 1; Football 3, 2, 1, Capt 1, "W" 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1. Wisconsin.

DAVID MATHEWS PIPER "Dave"

Entered from Central High School 2.
Class Basketball 2 1; Class Baseball 2, 1. Wisconsin.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH REYNOLES "Virg'e"

Prom Committee 2; Class Basketball 4, 3; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2; Girl Student Club 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2; Girls Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Triaconta 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Seven Keys to Baldpate 2. Wisconsin.

JEAN E. RYAN "Stretch"

Prom Committee 2; Dramatics Editor 1934 Wisconsin; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Secy. 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls Glee Club 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; One Act Plays 3, 2. Wisconsin.

ROBERT LOUIS SAKRISON "Bob"

Class Baseball 3, 1; Boys Glee Club 1; Red Domino 3, 1, Toastmaster 1, One Act Plays 3, 1, Seven Keys to Baldpate 3; Christopher Bean 1; Debutante 1. Wisconsin.

MARY LOUISE SOUTHWORTH

Class Basketball 3, 2; Class Baseball 3, 2; Girl Student Club 2. Wisconsin.

BARBARA JANE SMITH "Barb"

Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 2; Committee of 18 2, 1; Class Basketball 4; Class Baseball 4; G.A.A. 4; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 2; Thalia 3, 2, 1, Pres. 2; Rosamunde 4; Pinafore 3; Mikado 2; Debutante 1; North Central Chorus 4. Wisconsin.

MARJORIE DAW TREDENNICK "Marj"

Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2. Wisconsin.

HALLIE LOU WHITEFIELD

Class Pres. 4, Secy. 3, 2; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship—Math. and Speech 4, Speech 3; Annual Staff 4, 3, 2, Editor-in-Chief 1934 Wisconsin; G.A.A. 4, 3, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2 1, Vice Pres. Committee of 18 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; 1; Debating Club 4, 3; Seven Keys to Baldpate 2; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1. Wisconsin.

HORACE WHITE WILKIE "HOSS"

Class Pres. 2; Student Council 2; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Regent Scholarship—Phy. Ed. 3; Activity Editor 1934 Wisconsin; Committee of 18 2, 1; Football 2, 1, "W" 1; Basketball 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Track 3; Class Basketball 4, 3; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 1, Pres. 1; Boys Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; Speech Class Play 3; Red Domino 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Pinafore 3; Mikado 2; Debutante 1. Wisconsin.

GRACE HOBBINS WOY "Gracie"

Class Treas. 3; Student Council 4; Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 2, 1; G.A.A. 4, 3; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 3, 2, 1; Girls Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1. Wisconsin.

JOHN HOBBINS WOY "Jack"

Student Council 4; Annual Staff 1; Football 2 1; Track 1; Swimming 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 1; Boys Glee Club 1; Speech Class Play 3, 1; Red Domino 2, 1. Wisconsin.

School at Eight

Don't forget school at eight
If you do you will be late
Down to the office you shall go
There Miss Faster will let you know
That if ever again you are late
Your penalty will be very great.
Up to your room, on your face a grin
Teacher gives you a welcome within
Many a snicker, a giggle or laugh
Is given out on your behalf
Just because you were late
When you forgot school at eight.

SYLVIA JACKSON

Senior Class Prophecy

My heart was dead. My mind was but a dismal blank,
Forgetting all the life and joy of other days.
The clock chimed nine. And with each stroke my spirits sank
Further into the well of wretched cares and ways.

Put off the evil hour? I would it could be done!
But no, the minutes fly e'en faster than before.
I can but try, and, ere my course is run,
I'll work as no man ever worked before.

To labor, mind, and bring forth subjects fine and grand!
To labor, pen, and set them down in perfect form.
This cursed theme shall tell our class how they will stand.
My pen and mind have worked, this prophecy is born.

—Malcolm Cole

There was a click as of a marble slab lifted and dropped again into its place, and I was gone. Ten feet of solid earth separated me from the busy world above. I lay there for days, for weeks, for months. Then one dark day my soul (what little there is of it), seeped forth from my worm infested corpse, bade me goodbye, and started on a tour of adventure.

"Body," quoth the soul, "I won't be long. I just have to go and visit our fellow classmates of '34. I want to know what they're doing, and what they did on earth. Farewell!"

It was a long, long time before my soul returned again. How glad I was to see it! Death was so different now that I had my soul back!

"Tell me," my body inquired, "How did you get along? Did you see all our friends?"

"Yes," replied soul, "I saw them all. You should have seen some of them You would have laughed until you lived. Do you remember Slim Ketterer? He's with us now, just like all the rest. He was a baker upon mother earth, selling shortnin' bread. They say that's why Jean Ryan married him. I guess it didn't help her height any though.

"John Woy died in his last futile attempt to secure a bobby pin from 'Red' Tregoning, to complete his great collection.

" 'Hay-seed' Bradley and 'Tickle-grass' Curtin represent the background of Jefferson's ideal nation, the farmer.

"John Householder and 'Duckay' Marsh were co-coaches of the Joachim School of Beauty. Their motto was: 'We promise to bring you ohm ritzy.'

"Don't forget Mac Cole, for he was a star among astronomers."

At this point body interrupted and asked, "But soul you haven't said anything about the girls yet. Didn't you see them?"

"I certainly did meet them. Hallie Lou Whitefield, the famous American sportswoman, betrothed to Robert Sakrison, prominent traveler of the four lakes, was president of the B.D.V.'s of America. (Bashful Voters Division.)

"Ruth Mary Dudley, was chairman of the United Association of Women Celloists. Dorothy Heck and Betty Block devoted their entire lives to selling patent medicines that guaranteed no fainting in class rooms."

"Pardon me soul," interrupted body, "but please tell me about the Miller brothers."

"Oh all right! To tell you the truth, they made a huge success as radio humorists. They used all the gages from the old senior history class. Remember?"

"I should hope I do," replied body, "but go on."

"Fordyce Brown operated a school for bigger and better treasurers. We must not forget Jean Mathews, a famous star of the stage, who died because she had too much grace.

"David Piper and Thelma Kaplan, fruit dealers galore, spent their time and money developing stronger soap boxes for use on public squares. These boxes are highly recommended by that famous trio; Bud Dollard, who found death in his tavern, the Dead Rat, when someone crooned him; Jerry Felt, the electrician, who died all lit up; Keith Carter, famous for his advice to the lovelorn.

"As for Robert Hopkins and Virginia Reynolds, they died after failing to keep their institute for leisure time training going without too much leisure time on their hands. John Larson established a famous chorus of fan dancers featuring Delores Hinkel, Marjorie Tredennick, and Mary Southworth. Barbara Smith lived, and how she did live!!"

I suddenly became aware of a scratching sound on the outside of the tomb. "Who goes there!" my soul blurted.

"Tis I, the soul of Art Peterson. I have come to find out what you did on earth and deliver you accordingly."

I scrambled from my soap box, which had been serving as a fitting tomb, and wandered away with Art's soul. Who would have dreamed that Tramp Petersen would be the keeper of Hell's Pass-gates?

Those Unexplicible Ancients

"Howdyedo folks, I see you're from New York. That's a pretty neat little auto you've got there. I could just tell right off that you stopped here to view some of our fascinating ruins, and I'm just the person to show you around. You know, there's some things right here that you won't find anywhere else. There's only a couple of hours before dark and I know of just the place to see in that time. Our guide service is only a dollar and then you're absolutely sure that you haven't missed a thing. All set? Well that's fine, let's be on our way."

This was the rather incoherent stream of words which greeted us the minute we landed our autogyro in the village of Madison. Craving a vacation, we had

come down from New York to see the famed ruins of that twentieth century city so well preserved during all these ages.

The guide service being practically thrust on us, we set out under his direction and ended up at a building in good condition although visibly ancient. From then on, all we had to do was look and listen. This is a sample of what we heard.

"We are now entering the rear door of an aged school whose name appears to be Wisconsin High School. The hall we are now going through is the catecomb in the lower regions of the building in which the treasure and prison rooms were installed. To the right we have steel boxes in which invaluable treasure was found, one of the items of which is a collection of one hundred writing instruments related to the Roman stilus, all of which have the names, Parker, Waterman, Conklin, and similar ones inscribed in them. Most likely the cognomens of the owners. To the left you see the door entitled 'Locker Rooms,' this being the prison room. On the right inside here is a queer button whose use is not known, but which probably released some hidden trap-door. To the left are carvings which the prisoners cut out, among the most legible are Bud, Pete, and K. C. But let us hurry to the next room. It's on the right here. On the left is some decrepit machine undoubtedly used for torture purposes. To the right you find many wheels and iron tools used for the same purposes. Straight ahead are the chains where the unlucky ones were probably hanged. Chances are, this room has witnessed many a heinous crime that would make us shudder.

"Ah but let us get out of this dreary atmosphere. Please take the stairway to your right. On the left you see the balustrade down which the great orator, Horatius Wilkius, was accustomed to slide in his youthful exuberance. To the right of this stair is where we found a crumpled piece of paper, which when deciphered read,—'Gracie, I left the Camels in the locker,—Jean.' This proves what strange pets the children had, but the animals referred to must have been considerably smaller than their present day descendants to fit in these steel boxes.

"In front of you, there is an ancient board upon which we found various signs tacked. These have of course been removed for better preservation. One of the most interesting was that which stated in flagrant lettering, 'Let's take the Tobacco City.' This was the last bit of evidence necessary to prove that these schools actually engaged armies in battle. This military training seemed to be a definite part of their instruction.

"But we must hurry on before darkness closes in upon us. To the left is the old trophy case where the spoils of the battles were kept. On the right is an antiquated bench, an early form of our modern chair. To the left is the room called 'office,' in which all culprits were sentenced. To the right are some carvings which seem to read H. H. R. On the left is an aged scroll with the names of several scholars on it. The only legible ones in the various groups seemed to be Whitefield, indicating that generation after generation of that clan must have frequented these halls."

And so on until he led us to the door on the left and we proceeded toward the city on the right where he directed us to a hotel on the left so that we might have rooms for the night. —Anonymous

Revival

The revival meeting is drawing to a close. For one whole week it has been going full blast. Each night the colored brethren have collected at the church house, and listened to the preacher rave, shout, command, and implore them to beg forgiveness for their sins. And now as Sunday, the last day, dawns, they prepare for the final ceremony—the grand baptizing of the saved.

About nine o'clock in the morning they set out for church. Some ride double and even triple on the back of the family mule. Others have buggies and wagons with innumerable boards across them. Each board contains a load. A few arrive in cars; cars so old and dilapidated that it is a mystery how they hold together, much less run. As each vehicle proceeds along the way it picks up passengers until every possible means of locomotion is loaded far beyond its intended capacity. Those who cannot possibly ride, walk. As they gather we see all the colors of the rainbow, with a few extra thrown in. There goes Amos Brown, dressed in a black suit three sizes too big for him, and his wife in a flame red dress. Their nine children all have different colored dresses and suits, and their model T Ford looks like an overstuffed drygoods store. Vasilene Smith is surrounded by young men. Her yellow dress, green sash, white hat, and blue shoes seem to attract quite a bit of attention. These are only a few of the many varieties of people that are mixed together.

When all have arrived the preacher ascends to the pulpit and delivers his sermon. Anyone who came only to hear the sermon might just as well have stayed at home, for judging from the force and volume of the voice of the speaker they would have been able to distinguish every vowel.

After two hours of this, the meeting adjourns for dinner. They recline under those trees not already surrounded by animals. After the meal the majority take a nap. The flies buzz busily about, amid the smell of mules, dogs, rotting watermelon rinds, sleeping people, settling in turn upon the ear of a patient mule, the back of a sleeping dog, and the placid face of the dreaming deacon. There they crawl about over the closed eyes, the broad nostrils, the thick lips of the sleeping man, but never an eyelid twitches or a muscle quivers to reveal their presence. All is quiet except for an occasional infant's cry or the bark of a stray mongrel.

Now it is time for the final ceremony. Everyone rises. The sistern don white robes while the more provident brethern appear in white trousers. The less fortunate wear overalls. The rest of the congregation gather on the bank of the nearby stream praying and singing.

Just before entering the water, the preacher commands silence and gives his interpretation of the founding of the first Baptist church in America.

"Brethren and Sistern! Before we proceeds, I want to explain the foundling of the first Baptist church in America. Roger Williams left England and he rode, an' he rode, an' he rode until he came to Rhode Island. An' there he cremated the first Baptist Church in America."

Then the Baptising proceeded. The smaller members came first and were properly immersed. Next came the larger ones, and the preacher was unable to

duck them by himself so he called upon the deacon of the church to help him. As each person came up after being submerged they shouted "Praise de Lawd," and the congregation on the bank gave the refrain "Amen."

Aside from the fact that one fat sister grabbed the deacon and took him under with her, the baptising proceeded nicely. At the end of the ceremony everyone went home happy. The sinners because their sins had been washed away, the preacher because he had collected fourteen dollars and seventy cents, besides his room and board, and the rest of the congregation because they had been revived.

—Joe Curtin

Undone

On Sunday nights, instead of bed,
I pace the floor with measured tread
Demanding of my aching head
    A subject for a theme.
Against my throbbing brow I hold
I washcloth soaked in water cold
To speed my mind in thinking bold.
    It all seems like a dream.

It does no good, I cannot think.
To lose or win, to swim or sink
I'll swim, for Pooley does not wink
    At an excuse.
Now, come on, brain, we cannot wait
It's twelve right now. At fearful rate
Assemble words. From subjects great
    A theme produce.

Of course I could—no, that won't do,
Or maybe—bah! that's rotten too.
But then, again, I must get through
    The clock strikes one.
And, finally to bed I go
Though just as white as winter's snow
My papers gleam—The papers show
    A theme undone.

Clem and Sylvia

It was about five minutes after ten on a hot summer morning when the inhabitants of the little town of Hopville, Pennsylvania, heard a faint rumble in the distance. Soon the windows of every store on Main Street began to rattle; the "overland express" was arriving.

The "overland express" was a name coined by the villagers to use when talking about the large trailer truck which passed through there on its way from Pittsburgh to Baltimore every morning at about ten o'clock. It was indeed a large truck; one of the largest in the country with two trailers. Large though it was, and rumble though it did, the people of Hopville had become so used to it that they never paid any attention to it. However, on this particular morning everyone rushed out on the sidewalks to watch it pass, since Clem Harper, a home town boy, was driving. Among those who watched eagerly to see Clem's face behind the wheel of the huge truck, was Sylvia Nightingale, his sweetheart.

For Clem's sake it's too bad all didn't go well, but all didn't. No sooner had he begun to wave to the proud villagers when he saw a team of runaway horses coming down the street towards him. Any level-headed driver would have let the horses look out for themselves, but Clen had some thirty-seven onlookers. As the horses got closer he tried to turn his huge three-piece truck out of the way. First he swerved to the right, but then, to avoid hitting a lamp post he turned at right angles and headed across the street. We can excuse Clem for having had so much trouble steering such a snake-like vehicle, but no one, not even Clem himself, can explain what possessed him to attempt to throw the truck into reverse when he saw it heading for Nightingale's China Shop. Nevertheless, that is precisely what he did, and the whole hood of the engine was inside the china shop before the truck came to a stop. There the thing stood; one end inside a china store and the other across the sidewalk on the other side of the street. Around the truck stood the bewildered villagers, and with them the team of horses, as bewildered as they were. Sylvia was the first to reach the cab of the truck.

"Are you hurt, dear?" she asked.

"You ask him if he's hurt!" boomed a voice from within the china shop, "Now I know you'll never marry him."

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice, and there they saw Papa Nightingale surrounded by piles of broken dishes. The impact had not left a single dish on a shelf.

"You'll pay for every dish," he shouted to Clem.

"Yes sir," replied Clem meekly. But then with great presence of mind he said, "First I must telegraph the company. The gears are surely stripped."

He pushed his way through the crowd, some of which were sympathetic, others of which were laughing. He telegraphed the company, who sent back the helpful answer: "Repair truck at once. Cargo must go through."

To make a long story short, they could find no way to move the heavily loaded truck except under its own power. No garage within a radius of fifty miles had

a transmission to install in the large motor. For a week, traffic was detoured to High Street, the only other street in town. Poor Clem had made no progress in that time, so he telegraphed the company again in despair. "Will send new transmission at once" came the reply and Clen breathed a sigh of relief. He stepped out on the street from the telegraph office only to be met by a group of townspeople. The major objected to the blockading of Main Street, and the people of High Street complained of traffic. Mr. Nightingale was among them with a half a dozen requests and the owner of the store across the street objected to the rear end of the truck up against his show window. The rest of the people in general complained about the foul odor which was issuing from the two trailers.

Clem assured them that he would move the truck in a couple of days, but decided to investigate the foul odor since he too had been bothered by it. He found that both trailers were loaded with eggs, and the majority of them were cracked. Incidentally, the thermometer read ninety degrees in the shade by this time.

To make a short story shorter, I'll let you imagine the torture Clem underwent during the next week. The new transmission came, but it was two sizes too small. Hot weather continued and the odor increased. Along with the odor, complaints and objections increased.

During the third week, the proper transmission arrived; C.O.D. $123.37. Clem immediately wired to the company for money, but was told that he had to stand the expense since the accident was wholly his fault. The poor fellow didn't have a friend in town to borrow from, so the transmission went back.

The next day, both Clem and Sylvia were found missing. The people were so glad to have Clem out of town that they didn't even worry about Sylvia. That same day the truck company received a telegram from a town many miles from Hopville saying, "Your truck is in Hopville, you can't miss it. I resign. Clem Harper." And unless the truck company took action, their truck is standing across Main Street today.

—Carlton Brechler

Now, a humorous creation would meet with approbation
From the dumb association that calls itself a staff
Or a tale with no solution might be my contribution
Perhaps faultless execution could save it from the gaff.
Ah! At last an inspiration which will be an innovation
The result of cogitation for an hour more or less.
For a subject fascinating I will undertake creating
A new fancy simulating everything that you can guess.

—Malcolm Cole

Pressure on the Brain

I sent the light car shooting along the white ribbon of pavement faster than I had ever driven before. One of the two men behind me held a dangerous looking gun which I knew had already shot down a bank employee who disobeyed commands. It seemed queer that of all the onlookers, I was chosen for this wild ride. At breakfast that morning, Dad had said that he was going to have a governor put on the car, but it was too late to think of that.

I would have to make the best of it, I thought. I began to wonder if there was not some way out of the situation. Once I had read or heard that killers hate to be killed and run great risks to save their worthless skins. This thought gave me an idea.—Not far ahead was a corner built on a curious land formation, which permitted a car, travelling at high speed, to turn into the sideroad. I had often done it just for fun, but this time it would be serious business. I was glad that I had experimented with one of my crazy ideas,—a safety belt on the driver's seat, for it might prove useful.

As we neared the corner, I wondered if I could really carry out my plan. I knew that once on the sideroad, any move to stop me would be fatal, and I hoped that my desperado passengers would realize that fact. Almost upon the corner, travelling at a terrific speed, I pressed the brake pedal as hard as I dared. My last glance at the speedometer showed fifty-five. As the car swayed violently, I pressed the accelerator to the floor and was thankful for the surge of power which followed. The back wheels were thrown quickly around into line, and I twisted the wheel slightly in the opposite direction.—Success!!

As the word flashed across my mind, there was a loud crack beneath us—a tire had blown out under the strain. The wheel spun in my hands, and the world went topsy-turvy. Suddenly the car was upright again and started laboriously away through a cornfield, with a horrible racket of flapping and dragging pieces.

I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and raised my head from my desk. Ranny Miller was shaking me, and I heard Mr. Pooley say, "Bob, will you tell me what part the word 'coiled' played in that sentence?"

"Heroes," I thought, "are made, not born—and the same applies to fools!"

—Robert L. Sakrison

Miss Johnson after explaining a certain phase of history: "Is there anything else you'd like to have me go through?"

Wise Rannie Miller: "Yes a threshing machine."

Duncan Marsh: "Is the new end double jointed, sir?"
R. R.: "No, Why?"
D. M.: "I just broke his leg then."

H. Wilkie: "My dad is an Elk, a Lion, a Moose and an Eagle."
D. Hinkel: "Gee! What does it cost to see him?"

Seniors

ALL SCHOOL PLAY

EDITOR

SALUTATORIAN

ALL SCHOOL PLAY

DEBUTANTE

TRACK CAPT.

ALL SCHOOL PLAY

BUSINESS MNGR.

DEBUTANTE

DEBUTANTE & ORATOR

BASKET BALL CAPT.

FOOTBALL CAPT.

DEBUTANTE & SWIMMING CAPT.

First Row—R. Lowman, L. Cowgill, C. Pedley, B. Waters, M. McLeod, E. Stoneman, M. Ohm, D. Johnson, V. Johnson, M. Beardsley, J. North, B. Hunt, V. Ritzinger.

Second Row—H. Hackbarth, R. Sund, R. Evans, F. Hanson, D. Hunzicker, Miss L. Johnson, Miss Weightman, Miss Guyles, S. Edgerton, D. Juday, R. Rose, E. Lindholm, B. Truax, R. Stebbins.

Third Row—J. Stark, M. Larson, M. North, J. Loevenhart, H. Julian, B. Hunter, B. Jackson, H. Hendrickson, R. Brissee P. Coles, G. Griffin, G. Brodhead, R. Artmann.

Fourth Row—J. Koester, I. Torkelson, B. Lorenz, D. Johnson, R. Garver, A. Dickson, P. Kolb, I. Topp, H. Wardle, W. Stick, B. Guilfoyle, V. Morrison.

Top Row—D. Lilligren, L. McNeil, J. Dickson, H. Ryan, B. Schmidt, B. Capitani, D. Turner, M. Craig, B. Ellis, W. Chesemore, C. Marschall.

Junior Class

This year our class was the largest in the school and one of the most prominent in all-school activities.

It was our duty this year to carry on the tradition of Junior Prom. With Rodney Stebbins and Virginia Ritzinger as our King and Queen, we had a successful Prom, both financially and socially.

In athletics our class was outstanding, having 10 lettermen in the major sports and one representative on an all-city team.

We are high in scholastic standing, having a large number of honor-roll students in our class. Many of our students have participated in dramatic and musical productions.

We feel sure, however, that a great deal of our success is due to our advisors, Miss Weightman, Miss Johnson, and Miss Guyles, and that without their help and advice our class activities wouldn't have been so successful.

OFFICERS

President - - - -	Harry Wardle	Secretary - - - -	Bill Lorenz
Vice President - - -	Laird McNeil	Treasurer - - - -	Heber Ryan

Outstanding People in Junior Class

RODNEY STEBBINS: Because he was Prom King and he is an all star Cicero student.

VIRGINIA RITZINGER: Because she was Prom Queen and she does know French.

HEBER RYAN: Because he won second place in the Declamatory Contest here.

LORENA COWGILL: Because she was a natural comedienne in the "Debutante."

GAIL BRODHEAD: Because her voice proves useful in escaping 2:30 study hall.

STUART EDGERTON: Because he stars in all of his classes.

HARRY WARDLE: Because he is next year's Basketball captain, Football captain and this year's Junior Class President. He studies too.

BILL LORENZ: Because he is the most punctual student in school. His unrivalled record is: Tardy 4 times per week.

BUD TRUAX: Because he is next year's Hi-Y president. Also he tells us that he is an up-coming artist.

RUTH ARTMAN: Because she is Mr. Davis' star Chemistry student (?) and is always in school on Mondays.

BETTY HUNT: Because she is learning to play tennis for a very special reason.

RUSSELL GARVER: Because he has invented an unheard of language. (He calls it French.)

MARIAN BEARDSLEY: Because she is the only girl in school who has a "Hoss" of her own.

Hamnett Henderson

Virginia Ritzinger

Junior Prom

The 1934 Junior Prom was pronounced a great success, thus living up to its traditions set by former years.

After customary worries the decoration committee worked out an idea, much to the surprise of everyone. The upper gym was decorated in school colors. A blue and white canopy made a pleasing background for the orchestra, while a great '35 dominated the other end of the gym.

An orchestra, well known in and around Madison, was secured and we feel sure it lived up to its reputation.

The committee work was excellent and everyone was willing to help. The committee heads, led by Chairman Rodney Stebbins and his Queen, Virginia Ritzinger, and supervised by Miss Weightman, Miss Johnson and Miss Guyles, were: Marian Beardsley—Publicity; Heber Ryan—Tickets; Virginia Johnson—Refreshments; Paul Kolb—Floor; Ruth Artmann and Gail Brodhead—Decorations.

The Hunter's Tale

You wonder how I won my beautiful wife? Well, I will tell you of the great adventure which befell me the day I left Lindholm to replenish my larder, and brought back my bride.

One summer morning I struck out to the North, and, spying a Marsch-all full of wild game, I stopped there to Hunt. I had just raised my Stick to strike a huge Griffin when the na-Bob of Capitani appeared and bade me begone.

He was a Low-man of the Stone-man period, with a Brod-head, Kolb-lack eyes, and Harry arms. His face was covered with a Beard-sly-tly tinged with Ivar-y. I tried to lay Hans-on him, but he was too quick for me. He tried to Hack-barth my hands off, and, seeing he was Stark mad, I Ryan and Ryan until I was near the Topp of a great hill. There, under some trees, I came upon a bevy of young ladies and gentlemen cooking their supper on some live Coles. When I mumbled "Juday," they looked alarmed, but I soon found many of them were the children of old friends. There was Dicks-on, and Lars-on, and Hendricks-on, and Jacks-on, and Torkels-on, and three of Johns-ons, and the names of the young ladies were many of the familiar. They invited me to partake of a Rol-and some Stew, which I gladly did. While Harri-ett Barbara-ously and Jan-et atrociously, I noticed one sweet lass who ate her food daintily and with great decorum. Her cheeks were the color of the Rose and I was instantly Schmitt-en. I tried to Turn-er-ound so I would not show my feelings, but, try as I would, I wore my heart on my sleeve. While the Evan-s-hadows lengthened and the golden (M)cLoed-s reflected the sunset I swore in my heart to win her.

"Beverly," I whispered, "do you love me as I love you? We will Mari-an be, oh, so happy. I have a little house on the Edg-er-ton, painted Lilli-gren by a great Art-man; hollyhocks and sweet William are blooming in the garden, and my Loeven-hart yearns for you. Will you Mary me?"

The Jean-ial and happy look in her eyes was my answer. I know it was a Paul-try thing to do, and, I may have been over bold, but I took her in my arms and Koest-er before all her friends.

She blushed and said, "In t-Ruth I wonder what by j-Ellis father will say?"

"I'll Bet-ty will Dan-ce with joy," said one rough fellow. I let that pass and drew her forward.

"Come, my love," I cried, "the day is Wayne-ing and we must reach Alan Waters before Sund-own or the Bridgeman will not let us pass."

I took her to her Ohm in fear and trembling, for, on the way I had liscovered that her father was a Laird. He met us at the postern gate.

"Who is this Carl?", he asked.

"This is the man I am going to w-Ed, father dear," she answered f-Ervin-tly.

He-ber-ated her soundly. "If you marry this dolt," he said,"my Dor-is closed against you and you shall never, never Stebb-ins my house again." My brave girl answered, "Oh, father, even if you s-Lew-is we would still belong to each other."

She then Don-ned her Gail-a dress, in which to be married, and we rode away.

And that is the story of how the Laird's daughter came to be the wife of such a Hommel man. —ANONYMOUS.

Hats Off To Abner Jones!!!!

A very unexpected thing happened recently, while the editor of the annual was in the midst of her worries, regarding the missing story, which was needed to put the finishing touches on the 1934 Wisconsin. The missing story had to be an unusual one, a story which was different from the ordinary line of incoming ideas. The editor had received many promising stories so far, but none seemed to fit in with the right atmosphere.

She was tearing her hair with despair, biting her fingernails, and wringing her hands, when who should walk in, but Abner Jones, the sleepiest fellow in Wisconsin High School, or, perhaps any other school.

Abner was a fair looking fellow, about medium height, but a trifle stocky, especially in the vicinity of his waist-line. His one big difficulty was the constant attempt to keep his eyes open. They seemed to insist on closing, so Abner had to make the most of it, which he had by sleeping most of the time.

So, when Abner told the editor he thought he had found the story you can imagine how long it took the editor to regain consciousness. She just stared and stuttered but couldn't say a word.

However, Abner really did have a story, a fine one, just the kind the editor had prayed for. Of course, anyone would ask how a person like Abner could possible think of a good story. The truth is, that the story came by accident in the form of a dream. Yes, just a plain, ordinary dream, but it made Abner famous. Abner tells us that he usually falls into a dead sleep, but occasionally, when not so tired, he dreams. This particular one was Abner's lucky dream and one of the best little dreams on the market. Here it is just as Abner told it to us.

He began, "I found myself on a farm, living with my mother, father, two sisters, and a brother. The farm was paying remarkably well and we had everything we wanted. My sister, Minnie, and the farmer boy across the field were planning to be married soon. We were all very peaceful and happy, and we felt as if all trouble had lost itself.

We were mistaken. One day a man, named Hezekial Blackhart, came to the house. He asked my father to sell the place, which would be useful to him for iron mining. Minnie objected because she wanted to be near her boy friend. However, the large sum of money, which Blackhart offered us, finally persuaded us to agree to sell the old farm. But we never saw any of that big money, for through a leak in the contract, Blackhart obtained possession of the place for practically nothing.

There was nothing left for us to do then but to get out, so we hitched up old Herman, the horse, and headed toward Verona where we had friends. Much to our surprise, our friends, now that we had lost all our property, seemed to be-

come very unfriendly, but they finally agreed to let us work for our board and room. This proved very unsatisfactory. We had to work very hard but we received nothing for it.

Then one day, our friends told us that we would have to move on, because we didn't work hard enough. Our luck was changing from bad to worse.

Then, on our last day's stay in Verona, brother Newton got mixed up with a crook, who offered him a chance to make easy money. Newton, not knowing what kind of a job he was working on was arrested and put in jail. We had to sell old Herman, the horse, to raise enough money to bail him out. This was a hard blow, because Herman was a fine horse and we hated to lose him.

Newton was bailed out of jail and we bought a cheap little mule with our last bit of money. We hoped that this mule could carry the load for the rest of the journey to Madison.

After all it was this mule that brought us luck! We arrived in Madison in the dead of night. Even though we were tired we decided to go right on to the State Capitol, but, when we were about half way down University Avenue, that mule refused to budge an inch farther. As there was a nice smooth field by the roadside we camped there.

Next morning we were awakened by the sound of a strange bell. Imagine our surprise when we discovered we were on the lawn in the center of the boulevard in front of Wisconsin High School. We hurried to pack up and were about to leave when the principal came running out waving his arms.

Instead of throwing us off, as we expected he would do, he offered us a job. He said he would like to have us stay there, put up our farm buildings and raise animals. We were glad to have a chance to earn any kind of money, so we accepted the offer. In a few weeks, Minnie had enough money to go back to her boy friend and get married.

"Up to the time I woke up, everybody was doing nicely," said Abner ending hih story. We thus solved the age old problem of what to do about the educational system in High School. Hats off to Abner and the mule! ! !

—Henry Hackbarth.

Did You Know That—

Rodney Stebbins is a great sailor? He prefers a Gail to plain sailing.

Bill Lorenz is an expert angler—he seems to have a magic line.

Charles Marschall and Carl Hommel have spent only 33 cents apiece for gasoline this year.

Marian Beardsley is Horace Wilkie's private secretary and types all his works of writing.

Roland Sund has been called the modern Romeo by more than one cute little girl.

Wayne Stick, when shooting snipe with a shotgun, shoots from the hip. I guess he thinks he is a real live cowboy.

Where's Elmer

Elmer had been gone for almost two weeks. Elmer was my cousin who had been living with us. He had disappeared two weeks before and nothing had been heard from his. Now Elmer was a good lad at heart, but like many boys in their teens, he was reckless. He was not only reckless, but also carefree. His terrifying escapades had given my dear old mother nigh onto fifty grey hairs. This last adventure in his new car was beginning to wreak serious damage on my dear mother. He, he was a brute—yes a brute.

Leaving Elmer, one morning I arose at an early hour to pursue my favorite sport at fishing. I donned my clothes and headed for my boat on the shore of the lake. As I neared the lake, I felt as though something ominous hung over me. As I looked up, I was dumfounded. There was no water in the lake. Lake Mendota had run dry! The idea was preposterous . . . yet seeing is believing. Due to the lack of water, I could not fish. So I started out to explore the lake bottom. Among the scattered fish, I found many articles that I had lost in years gone by. I was about to start back for a wheelbarrow when I espied a large object out to the left of me. I started for it to investigate. As I neared it, I saw that it was a car resting on the sands of the lake bottom. It was a new Buick. I gasped. Elmer's car was a new Buick. I rushed up to it and found Elmer snoozing in the rear seat. I sat down on the running board to figure it out; Elmer's car was a new Buick. He was addicted to driving on the ice when the lake was frozen; the ice had just gone out three days before. The answer was simple enough. But wait, had Elmer survived under water? Then I thought. Fisher no-draft ventilation. It had kept out the water. Elmer had got along famously with plenty of water on hand, a lot of sleep and an occasional fish roasted on the Hades heater.

—Rodney Stebbins.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Edited by Roland Sund

Dear Mr. Sund:

I am a high school girl and much in love with a tall, dark, handsome boy. He does not love me so much as I want him to. He continually ignores me. He is an excellent singer and thinks I have a very poor voice. Of course, I am sometimes irritable, but still I can't see why he doesn't love me more. Please Mr. Sund, tell me why he doesn't put up with my angry spells and how I can teach him to love me.—V. J.

Dear V. J.:

I gather from your letter that you have very serious love difficulties. However, the whole trouble lies in your singing, I am sure. Your singing must be

terrible. When you get angry at him, your voice probably rises and reminds him of your singing. He probably doesn't mind the anger but the singing will never do. Try changing the voice. I feel certain your trouble will disappear.

Wishing you success,

Mr. Sund.

Dear Mr. Sund:

In the depth of my woe, I ask you for advice—what can I do with a balky hoss?

Anxiously awaiting an answer,

Marian X.

Dear Miss X:

Feed him sugar and success will be yours.

Mr. Sund.

Dear Mr. Sund:

I have a boy friend with a big car. He says he would love me if I did not chew gum. Do you think I should give this up for him?—L. C.

Dear L. C.:

I see your problem must cause you great grief. If you think the boy with the big car will stick to you longer than the chewing gum,my advice is to chews him. .

Mr. Sund.

Dear Mr. Sund:

My love is far away. Do you think it would be heartless to go around with other boys?—Betty H.

Dear Miss H.:

Hasn't he any brothers? ? ?

Mr. Sund.

Junior Jokes

Mr. Davis—"What is steam?"
Bright Student—"Water gone crazy with the heat."

English Teacher—"What subject would you like to take for your theme?"
Bill Schmitt—"I would like to take somebody's life."

M. L. H.—"What do you mean, a whole is greater than its parts?"
Laird—"A restaurant doughnut."

Mr. Kivlin (to Plant Culture class)—"What is most destructive to alfalfa?"
Ed. Lindholm—"Cows."

NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS

Will Wayne Stick go on a spree?

Will Virginia Johnson be an old maid?
Will Betty Hunter be sophisticated?
Will Bill Lorenz go fishing?

History Student—"What does it mean here by seasoned troops?"
Bright Student—"Mustered by the officers and peppered by the enemy."

Nit—"How does Harry Wardle keep that dinky little hat on?"
Wit—"The vacuum beneath holds it on."

R. Stebins (speaking of basketball)—"Harry Wardle will be our best man."
G. Brodhead—"Oh, Ram, this is so sudden."

Dumb Girl (after football game in the mud)—"How will they ever get clean?"
Dumber Girl—"What do you think the scrub team is for?"

Miss Hoard—"Virginia, take your gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Juniors

CLASS TREASURER

THE MILLION DOLLAR SMILE

PROM QUEEN

WANNA BUY A DUCK?

WE WERE SCARED TOO

IT'S ALIVE

PROM KING AND CLASS BUS.

SOME OF "DA" BOYS

DEBUTANTE

JUST KIDS

CLASS "SECY"

FOOTBALL GAME

PREXY

First Row—R. Colbert, R. Morse, T. Coleman, H. Richenberg, R. Hackbarth, J. Bradley, Miss Carter, Mr. Hartung, F. Daniels, J. Wilson, B. Reinfried, J. Callen, R. Brahm.

Second Row—F. Chapman, B. Bass, S. Larson, D. Batty, E. Bast, E. Ramsdall, M. Bush, J. Jacobson, M. Missman, D. Nohr, M. Sullivan, L. Bruns, M. Richeson, H. Milward.

Third Row—A. Ellis, R. Allbrecht, J. Wilkie, H. Stoneman, B. Twenhofel, A. Grebler, H. Van Abel, K. Stick, J. Mergen, B. Swenson, D. Stoneman, R. Davis, D. Allemang, D. Gillette, C. Kallevang.

Top Row—D. Larson, C. Deakman, B. Kelley, H. Edwards, N. Cady, N. Dickson, D. Stark, F. Butler, D. Lewis, H. Paepke, K. Kilgore, J. Brahm.

The Sophomore Class

Having safely passed the looked-down upon position of Freshman, the pupils who make up the 1933-34 Sophomore class have entered very actively into all phases of the school's life and activities.

Members of the class took a very active part in all athletics his year. Four football letters, as well as one each in basketball, swimming, and track were received by sophomores. Moreover, many others, while unable to earn a letter this year, have a good start towards getting one next year.

All of the dramatic productions of the year have come off successfully partly through the work of sophomores. Members of the class were engaged not only in the actual acting of parts but in the other phases of work that are attendant to dramatics.

The operetta, "The Debutante," consumed the time of many sophomores for the several weeks given to its preparation. In fact, the debutante herself, was played by a sophomore. Mention of the operetta leads us to the other musical activities, many members of the orchestra and glee clubs being sophomores.

As many sophomores as representatives of any oher class represented Wisconsin High in interscholastic debates. In the contests to chose representatives from

Wisconsin High in the forensic contests, sophomore boys placed first and second in extemporaneous speaking and oratory, respectively.

The Sophomore Shuffle was obviously the major undertaking of the class as a whole. In a meeting of the class it was decided that the president should be the general chairman and appoint all committees. The big event came off on May 11, in the upper gym.

A large part of the credit for the success of this major class undertaking as well as that of the other activities of the class must necessarily go to the advisers, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Pfeiffer, and Mr. Hartung.

A group of twenty-three sophomores are engaged in a three year experiment with a modified curriculum. While much of the subject matter taught has been covered in schools before, there are many changes in the method of presentation. The course is carefully preparing the students for college, those being chosen for the experiment who would be certain of going on to college. Although still an experiment, the indications seem to be that it is working out very well.

We, the sophomore class, do not intend to puff themselves up by saying that Wisconsin High could not have survived without us this year, but we do feel that our absence would have caused a considerably larger hole than the mere decrease in enrollment would indicate.

A Nightmare

The trees were tall, and wide and black
  The sky was a terrible gray
I saw things hiding here and there
  And heard a moaning far away.

Some of the things were short and fat.
  Others were tall and thin.
Some had hair and others had none
  But only smooth white skin.

One of them touched me with its hand
  And held me by the wrist.
I gave a shriek, another yell
  But the thing would not desist.

I screamed for mother, I called for dad
  I thought I'd die of fright
At last they came, and I was glad
  To wake that awful night!

—Cornelia Rogers.

Bamboozled

I was having my fortune told for the first time and was quite ready to believe anything that I was told. As the gypsy woman looked at the palms of my hands she said, "Ah yes, it is very plain. You have lived a fairly happy life but have had a rather large need for money."

"Yes, I have about fifteen dollars and I came to you to find a means of getting more," I said.

"I see a pen and a piece of paper, but you will never get anywhere by writing, I see. I will have to look closer and find what fate has ordained to be the work that will make money for you. Ah! I see it now. You see this line here (pointing to a wrinkle about half way between my wart and my biggest callous) and a little line joining it, like the spur, I think you call it. Those lines mean you will make the most money on horses."

"Horses?" I replied.

"Yes, horses. See, the other hand shows the same thing."

"Well, where do I get a horse, and how do I know that I will get a money-making one?" I questioned.

"I will look into the crystal ball and try to find your horse for you, my friend," she replied. "Ah, in the crystal ball you can get just the horse you want! My sister is very ill and her husband needs money to pay the doctor with, don't you see. This man has a very fine horse and it is tan with a black patch on its face. He raised this horse from a little colt and he loves him very much, but he needs the money to pay the doctor so badly that I think he will consent to sell him to you. This is a very fine horse and has won many races and has made money, but there aren't any races now and my sister's husband needs the money, so he may have to sell him now. I think he will be able to see you tomorrow morning. I will try and let him know that you are coming. He is camping along the road on the way to the fair grounds and you can find him easily, I think."

As I rose to leave she said, "Thank you. It is a pleasure to tell the fortune of a gentleman if he will be so kind as to pay the seventy-five cents."

Next morning I was there to look at the horse that I was going to buy and make my fortune with. The gypsy pointed out all of "the fine points of the horse." The horse was a fine one to behold and my experienced eye for horseflesh (I had ridden a pony at a fair once when I was five years old) told me that it was a bargain for anything less than seventy-five dollars (I still had my fifteen dollars in my pocket).

"In the main," I says, "It looks all right to me."

"The mane? Yes that is a fine mane. It is a good sign of a healthy horse."

"How much do you want for him?" I questioned.

"He's worth everything to me and about two-hundred dollars to anybody else, and I can't barely stand to part with him but the doctor says 'you pay that money or maybe the wife she might die off.' And if I let my wife die, then I die too, no matter where I got it be one hot place for me! So I sell him to you for fifty dollars."

As a look of consternation passed over my face he said, "Maybe I have to let you have him for forty dollars so I can pay the doctor. (Another look of consternation.) You buy him for thirty dollars? No? Certainly you buy him for twenty dollars. Yes? See, my dear Napolean is weeping from sediment to think of parting from me. (Tears were in the horses eyes.) Well certainly you will let me give him to you for fifteen dollars. I must pay the doctor."

"All right" I said meekly, believing that I had gotten a good bargain but still doubting the wisdom of the expenditure of my last cent. "You can bring him around in the morning" I said, handing him a card with my address on it and five dollars for advance payment.

Next morning he apepared with a slightly flushed face and a slightly stammering tongue. "Good morning, sir. Here's the horse."

I saw that the horse was there and gave him the ten dollars that I owed him. "How's your wife this morning?" I asked as he started to leave.

"She'sh a little better" he said, involuntarily reaching for his hip pocket, from which, I saw as he left, protruding the top of a bottle.

I then went to make a call on my new steed, and when I saw that horse that the gypsy had tied to the fence in my backyard! I had bought a horse, but what a sorry looking hulk I found in my backyard. Like a ship's skeleton bleaching in the sun on some distant shore that raw boned, protruding ribbed, sway backed, moth eaten, hoffed quadruped of the genus Equus stood (leading against a tree with his legs crossed) and sighed and munched his meager fare with a wistful look in his good eye, thinking perhaps of a hay-day long gone by.

I cursed, I swore, I stamped my feet, I tore my hair and could only console myself for being such a fool by thinking of the money the public were going to get out of a tax on fifteen dollars worth of whiskey. I sold that critter for eighty-five cents to be used for dog food (what meat there was) and fertilizer and determined never to deal with gypsies (I understand thoroughly the "gyp" part now) or have anything to do with horses because once I nearly went "Crazy over Horses."

—Farrington Daniels

More Power to You

I do not know how I was captured but there I was, chained to the wall of a room with chromium-plated chains and some sort of an electric lock. The walls were made of metal alloy and were completely smooth, with no signs of a door or window or any other means of entrance or ventilation. The only furnishing was the low couch made of chromium-plated on which I sat. The room had no visible means of lighting though a soft glow pervaded it.

Suddenly the lock buzzed and opened, freeing me as the floor of the room sank down, depositing me in the middle of a room similar to the one of my previous acquaintance but considerably larger. It had a door through which I could see several pieces of complicated apparatus of some kind.

"Will you come and see my laboratory?" asked a man who appeared in the doorway.

"Where am I? Who are you?" I questioned with surprise and indignation, as my knees clacked out a very descriptive rhythm.

"You are at present in my laboratory in the interior of one of the Rocky Mountains at least a quarter of a mile from any ground surface," was his interesting but not very cheerful answer. "Who I am and how how you got here, I cannot tell you. Why you are here will be seen subsequently. It will be useless for you to try to escape, for even if you should find the way out you would be electrocuted as soon as you attempted to leave. Come with me."

As he led me along he explained how everything in his underground colony except the air which we breathed came from the earth around us. All cloth was made of asbestos which is a mineral product. Water was obtained from subterranean rivers. All of the construction work was done with metals and glass which are of course mineral products. He went on to explain how the ore was made into metal with huge electric-arc furnaces.

"Where do you get needed power for all this? You must have an underground water fall for hydro-electric power, or do you use the internal heat of the earth somehow?" I asked, forgetting to be scared by my interest.

"Neither," he replied. "I obtain almost unlimited power by smashing atoms. I have learned the secret of changing matter to energy and so have an immense source of power at my control. "See" he said, crossing to a switchboard and throwing a couple of switches. Immediately several thirty foot arcs of miniature lightning began to crackle on the other side of the room. "If you tried to escape, sparks like those would play your death march" he added. "You may think that those are something," he continued, "but I can reproduce full sized lightning easily and maintain a steady arc that size."

"It is easy to see how you can produce metals," I said, "and you seem fortunate in having found such a wide variety in one place."

"With such a large amount of power I can easily change one element to another and so can make a wide variety as you see," he explained. "I could make all the gold and silver I wanted but I have no use for them as silver tarnishes and gold is too soft, so I prefer to use chromium and other such metals."

"Your inventions and discoveries will revolutionize industrial civilization," I said as I began to realize some of their possibilites.

"They would but nobody shall tell of my inventions and their secret will die with me," he replied. "Even if they were told, what good would it do you?"

I had up to this time been talking to a genius but I was now talking to a maniac. It seemed too bad that such a marvelous mind should be so warped in some of its parts. Hoping that a change of subject would change his attitude I asked, "What do you do for food beneath the earth?"

"We have nourishment rays that take the place of food," he replied sharply. "And speaking of rays," he continued, "you probably thought I will introduce my death rays and practically wipe out civilization from the earth." To my continued horror he showed me roomful of death-day machines which were complicated

outfits made of shiny metals, many coils and glass tubes. "Here are two rays," he said, "to be used as substitutes for death by lack of oxygen, which include strangulation, drowning, bleeding to death, suffocation, and so on. One of these rays coagulates the protoplasm of the blood, the other disintegrates the red corpuscles. Here is a machine that produces a state of paralysis in the animal body. The rest of my rays are of two kinds, some that disintegrate flesh and the rest disintegrate metal."

"You have quite an arsenal," I said, wondering what he was going to do next.

"And that is not all," he continued, "I have very recently invented a new type of ray and I am curious to ascertain its effect on the human body. Will you come to conduct the test quietly or must I use forcible methods?" As I realized the terrible portent of his words, I turned to run with my heart in my mouth. But before I could take more than a step everything went black as though a fuse had blown out somewhere!

I came to, chained to a table with the ray machine set up over me. "How do you like my paralytic ray," asked my soon to be murderer with fiendish laugh faintly reminiscent of Fu Manchu. "As I throw this switch and turn a couple of billion volts through the apparatus above your head, I wish more power to you," he said, with another terrible laugh.

He threw the switch and an ominous strangely real humming started. It lasted for about half a minute when it was abruptly stopped by Mr. H. B. McCarty announcing through my crystal set that WHA was returning to the air.

—Farrington Daniels

A Dissertation on Detective Fiction

Gore has gurgled about my ankles. Agonized shrieks have burst upon my ears. Repeatedly I have shambled into drawing rooms to find assorted Lord Ronalds stretched out on hearth rugs with bullets through their respectively treacherous hearts. Briefly by paying strict attention to business I have become, in my own opinion, at least, an authority on modern detective fiction. As Shakespeare said, "I am Sir Oracle and when I speak, let no dog bark." At the moment I do not recall the character who let that slip. The name of the play escapes me. Maybe it was not Shakespeare after all. However that little gem tells just the way I feel toward me.

You've probably guessed the subject of this not so little essay by now. Just in case . . . it's on detective fiction. Since crime stories, in this case murder yarns, are to be the victims of my philosophizing, I'd best start with the Sherlocks.

By industriously perusing hundreds of gory shockers I've become so adept that by the end of the third yawn the detective's classified. He's either extraordinary or extraordinarily ordinary. In rare cases a half breed. You know, six of one and half dozen of the other.

For all who dote on murder hair raisers, the first type doesn't need describing.

In case you don't, a list of a few attributes and abilities no good hawk-nosed blood hound can be without is herewith attached.

1. He has an iron constitution (takes cocaine in dipper fulls and Scotch straight)
2. Grinds out Brahms Sonota in Upper Flat while drowned in thought on the latest case.
3. A great intellect (dotes on the deep stuff, etc.) until death do us part.

Really it's quite simple to build up the front for an extraordinary sleauth just by making him go to one extreme or the other in all matters. Thus in clothing, Philo either is an exquisite or a frowsy creature.

The really distinguishing mark of an extraordinary detective is his Watson or the Poor Boob. Watson as a type is well supplied with leisure time. He spends his days fawning on the Great Detective's boots and wagging his tail in dumb adoration. The more I ponder on the psychology back of Watson the more inclined I am to teeter back on my heels in awe of Poe. He originated the type and is mainly guilty for the form of modern detective fiction.

We've never met anybody so terribly dense as Watson outside of a padded cell in a Booby Hatch. Watson is so sappy just to cater to the readers' vanity. Inevitably in reviewing the thriller the reader compares his masterly intellect with that of the Poor Boob. Mumbles the reader "that Watson fellow never got that." "Why I caught on like a flash." The glow of satisfaction he gets from thoughts like that make it a sure bet he won't pass up any of the fifty-eight other works of that noted story book sleuth S. D. S. VanHeinz. Why, I've deformed by spinal curves by patting myself over perfectly obvious conclusions which the blundering book blotched.

The extraordinarily ordinary snooper is a rare bird. To all appearances he is the height of averageness. Mark him well. Under his glistening dome pulsates a great mind. Crooks who thought him a set up are now meditating on the error of their ways.

Next in line are plots. The burning question in crime fiction is shall it be gore or finesse. I declare for gore. My favorite yarn is a paper covered one, supposedly of French origin. The heads of two people disappear under mysterious circumstances and a third victim is cemented up in a cellar. All is done to the clash of cymbals and receding fiendish cacklings. A little cleverness on the author's part now and then won't hurt, but blood must flow freely. There are perverts who read detective stories in order to solve them but when I want mental gymnastics I'll do cross word puzzles.

To satisfy all perverts included I give an infallible recipe for solving bafflers. This secret of the ages was discovered by a Hindu mystic in a semi-somnolent trance induced by overindulgence in the works of Edgar Wallace. "Select the most improbable murderer is the nearly infallible prescription." In testing the principle I have unearthed some amazing facts. Kind paralytic old ladies are 95 per cent criminal. Family physicians or servants steeped in family traditions are excellent selections. The hitch is that writers have gone readers or better by

having the murderer leave false clues against himself. Following the rule of choosing the least suspicious character, the reader selects John Blake, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and will soon gnash his teeth very heartily.

My parting thought is never to believe more than five per cent of what the detective deducts. He's holding out on you to stun you in the final stanza.

—Will Collins

My Difficulties With The Sunday Papers

About eleven o'clock Sunday morning I wake up with a start. But then, realizing that I have not overslept and missed school, I settle back for another rest.

Suddenly a new thought comes to me—the papers! Maybe I can get them before anyone else. So I jump out of bed and tear downstairs, nearly breaking my neck in the process, and ending up in a heap at the foot with part of the stair carpet wound around me. (From repeated Sunday morning flights down the stairs, the carpet has become loosened and if one is not careful it will follow you down.)

I rush to the front door, open it and an icy blast rushes in. I shiver and gingerly poke one bare foot out into the snow. Then I bend down and begin to grope around for the paper. After two minutes of searching I finally decide that I must be too late, and someone else has the papers, so with a dejected air I trot upstairs and take the carpet back to its rightful place.

After arriving upstairs I debate whether to risk going and asking Dad for the papers. Maybe he doesn't even have them, but the desire is too great, and I finally tiptoe to his door.

It is tightly shut, but by this time I am sure that the papers are behind that door. I stop and listen—sure enough, in a few minutes I hear some violent rustlings and a low mutter. Then all is quiet.

Slowly I turn the knob and open the door.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, can I have part of those papers?"

"Yes, here are some—no, don't take them all—just those over there."

I finally get the papers and go back to my own room with its nice warm bed. I settle myself and then after I get the covers all nice and comfortable, I have to get back out to fix the pillows.

At last I am all set and I prepare to read. I reach for the papers, open them up and find them headed, Saturday night, March 24.

—Nancy Cady.

Ho to Become A Tarzan

Of .course we would all like to have the body of the great Tarzan. Large, broad shoulders and mighty arms; what a man! As he swims through the water he is a sight worth going miles to see. It certainly would be great if we could become a Tarzan. Well, the only way to do this is to adopt the four important items below, all of which are recommended by the teachers of Wisconsin High School.

First we must get plenty of sleep, in order to furnish time in which our bodies can grow. Look at the famous Roy Hinderman. See how he has grown because of hours of restful sleep!

Next we must eat a balanced meal. There are no examples of authorities on this subject in our school, but Miss Weber will help out a lot by applying the principle of nutrition to the meal.

Plenty of outdoor exercise is next on our list, and here we find that Mrs. Voss is the best authority. May we quote her?

"I find that after a hard days' work a good round of golf is very enjoyable as well as healthful. And after that a rather slow dog-trot around the yard three or four times. It is because of this exercise that I am so active."

And last but not least is the use of the famous, world renowned Rippe-Ryan muscle developer. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Rippe both use it twice daily and they are as strong as steel. This machine sells at the very low price of one dollar and given free are two books that are very helpful in developing the muscles.

The best example of how these four rules have made a Tarzan is to look at the famous Mr. Claxton. What a man!

—Bill Twenhofel.

Some people say that life is what you make it; but when crossing University Avenue life is IF you make it.

What can you eat before it is born and after it is dead? A chicken.

To you Math Fiends—

The whole equals some of its parts.

Definition: The spinal cord is a ring of bones; the head sitting at one end and you sit on the other.

Sophmore Humor

Mr. Hartung to absent minded class: "Now raise your hands and don't think." (Poor fellow spent all the rest of the hour apologizing for his mistake.)

Mr. Hartung (to class): "Now put down two points on your paper."
Uta: "Do they need to be in a straight line?"

Mr. Phillips (to Meredith): "Will you please report on the second article in this week's American observer."
Meb: "How shall I do it, lead a discussion?"
Mr. Phillips: "Just get up and tell us what you know."
Meb.: "Oooooooooh Mr. Phillips."

Golf instructor (to Special Curriculum Class): "Do any of you know anything about golf?"
Girls of the class: "Why, no. We don't even know how to hold the caddie."

Bob Hackbarth: "And who are you?"
Bob Morse: "Just a little dandruff trying to get ahead."

From one to another: "You make me so mad that you get in my hair."
"Oh, how could I? You've just had another German haircut."

Bob Davis: "I don't see how we can possibly recognize Russia's government when we can hardly recognize our own.

Will Collins—Hitlerism is positively naziating.

Uta Hagen: "But my father says we are descended from monkeys.
Miss Weber: "Uta, we cannot discuss your private family affairs in class.

First Row—R. Wilson, B. Pratt, K. MacKinnon, M. Brewer, M. Thomas, Mr. Hinderman, C. Johnson, F. Daniels, F. Ekstrand, J. Mueller, E. Marsh.

Second Row—C. Clarke, M. Casey, V. Boden, M. Rehling, H. Schuette, J. Kolb, M. Witzemann, W. O'Malley, R. Frank.

Third Row—J. Strong, R. Sheldon, W. Sommers, J. Sanderson, P. Desch, J. Hendrickson, W. Clayton, N. Wallen, B. Mutchler, B. Jones, R. Marsden.

Top Row—T. Lorenz, E. Agner, B. Cargill, M. Correy, K. McGaw, B. Kessenich, H. Rockwood, C. Royston, D. James.

Activities of the Freshman Class of 1933-34

The Freshman class has not been especially active this year so I find it quite a problem to find some of importance to write up.

As in every other group there are interesting students in our class but this year we had a very unusual one join our group. Eva Jollos is from Germany. She entered our school last March. Her father is a professor in the University of Wisconsin. We all admire her for coming to an American school after speaking German all her life and doing as well as she has done. We hope she will continue at Wisconsin high school.

I'm sure you all know Philip Desch. You can recognize him in the hall as

the chubby, good natured, fellow who always has a smile on his face.

Philip Desch is quite a student,
  Always getting a's and b's,
He's a wow in every subject,
  But..... in gym he falls to d.

In math he aways gets an a,
  In speech he gets a b,
His French is fine as any pro's,
  But in gym he gets that d.

He gets his a's, he gets his d,
  It always is the same.
He tries but always is that d,
  He cannot rise to fame.

By fame we mean the honor roll,
  It is our secret hope,
For him to be the first in our home room,
  But can he do it? We still hope.

If there should be a personality contest in the Freshman class, there would be a tie between Mary Jane Thomas and Barbara Kessenich. Pertaining to Barbara, the saying that all good things come in large packages is certainly true.

Tom Lorenz although he only entered our school last September became our class president.

A girl who strives for good marks and usually gets them is Margaret Witzemann. If you had looked upon the honor roll all year round you would have found her name was on it most of the time.

If at any time you are looking for a natural born poet or story writer all you have to do is fine Rose Mary Frank and your troubles will be over. She can write a poem or story of any description at any time.

Before Christmas vacation everyone in the Freshman class brought some kind of food. It was all put into some baskets and delivered to the Eyres family on North Fifth Street. The baskets were decorated by Ruth Wilson and Margaret Witzemann. They were delivered by Jean Mueller, Carol Johnson, and Ruth Wilson, who gave a report of the condition of the family and how they received the baskets.

The Chronicle of Virtue

"When Papa was a little boy,
You really couldn't find,
In all the state of Illinois,
A boy so quick to mind."

So they tell us but I don't think those model children that were, are half so good as those of today. Here I am wasting a whole study period trying to think up mischief this Freshman class has gotten into this year and I'll be dodsquiddled if I can think of anything worth putting down. Mr. Hartung said, "Now when I was a boy or girl,"—you all know the rest—but I can't seem to think of what he said it about. Anyway I don't think our parents were so good or how could they get rhymes like this about themselves.

"Grandpa had an easy chair,
Johnny had a pin,
Grandpa had a razor strop,
Johnny's pants were thin."

Unfortunately the Johnny in our class doesn't do anything that bright, so I can't write about it. He never is enough awake anyway to get in very bad mischief, although occasionally he does come late to school much to Miss Springhorn's distress and our amusement.

My father tells of a boy in his class, who threw a dictionary out of the window because it didn't give a word he thought it ought to, but nobody here is smart enough to think of any good mischief like that, although Philip did get violent the other day and throw a dictionary at me, but that is quite different.

Oh! yes, we have some wonderful comedians in our class (that is, they would be good comedians if they ever did anything funny), who have taken it upon themselves to amuse the class in spite of all we can do. Once in a while they accidently do say something funny, like the other day in Math class when something like this was on the board ($x=2$, $y=3$). Our good Warren insisted it should be (2, 3). The practice teacher said, "Now, we won't quibble over details like that." Then Warren said, "But Mrs. Voss says 'Mathematicians have agreed,'." He got no farther with his innocent statement for the room was in an uproar. He sounded exactly like Mrs. Voss.

Usually it is the teacher who say funny things in spite of the comedians' stupendous efforts. One day in French class we were about to take up Louis Philippe. Mrs. Pfeiffer remarked what a good king he was. Philip gave a loud "ahem." (Louis Philippe was our nickname for him.) "That is," said Mrs. Philippe. Mrs. Pfeiffer remarked what a good king he was. Philip gave a loud

I shall never forget the famed discussions we had in Math class over the question whether gum chewing was a good thing. Several people had been chewing gum during the afternoon. Mrs. Voss was not supposed to know. Among these cud chewing ruminants was Calvin, one of our self appointed comedians, who

had not five minutes before been scolded for talking. Rising he said, "Chewing gum keeps you from talking so much." "Really," said Mrs. Voss, "I haven't noticed it."

Speaking of debates what about those animated discussions our home room has with Mr. Hinderman on the subject of how to get A's in Gym. He claims all one has to do is be nice to the gym teacher. We wish he would just try it once.

Oh! Oh! there goes the bell and now you can get rid of me for I couldn't possibly work a minute over time.

—Margaret Witzemann.

Golden Silence

Really Jane it was awfully sweet of you to phone. Henry's gone to Milwaukee today and I'm terribly lonesome. Some work for the firm, he said,—anyway the car was full of men. Oh well! I don't mind so much and as to shopping, there are some of the cutest things at Simpson's. Yes, I do all my shopping there. I got the duckiest little hat with feathers on it and only ten dollars.

How've you been lately? I haven't heard from you for days, but Oh yes! you've been away. Oh, that 's a terrible shame, I thought you sounded a little hoarse. Well you know my favorite cure is soda and it never fails. I was thinking of coming over and seeing you, but not with all the sickness going around and you sick too. How's Mabel? What does the Doctor say? He says, to go south for two months? But my dear she could never afford that. You say she's going to stick it out, poor thing.

I heard the mill is going to reopen. I sure hope so. I hate to think of all that money lost.

Did you let your Florabelle go to "Hips Hips Horray?" Bobby wants to go but I don't know if he should see that awful Wheeler and Woolsey team or not. I guess I'll keep him home. There are plenty of good movies coming.

I was at Mrs. Johnson's for luncheon yesterday. She always serves the most attractive and delicious meals and yesterday was no exception. After lunch we talked and honestly dearie there are some of the worst gossips in this town. They seem to know everything. Now of course I am not insinuating anything. You don't say. I would never have believed it. Are you sure it is true? and Gracie Taylor too. Why I'll never lower myself to speak to her again, the little snoop. Have you seen Helen Shumaker lately? Honestly the way she gads and spends money, I don't see how she feeds her children enough. Donald always looks so thin and under-nourished.

Sounds like someone cutting in. The absolute nerve of some people. Do you realize we are talking and have use of the line? Now please get off. Next time I am going to report that pest to the telephone company.

Oh bridge club! I'd almost forgotten about that. It's at Clara's this week. Yes, it's my turn for refreshments. Oh say, it just comes to mind. If you'll promise not to tell anybody I'll tell you a secret Gertrude told me. I think the wealthy Mr. Teral has lost every penny he possessed. Isn't that terrible? And

the poor old gent never did a stroke of work in his life. Oh well! Why worry about other people's troubles when you have enough of your own.

Well I guess it's time to hang up. Oh heavens! It's five of twelve and the children will be home anytime now and not a thing ready for their dinners. Sorry I can't see you but it's nice to have heard from you anyway. Goodness! here comes Hazel now so I'll say toodle-doo, and don't forget the bridge club. 'Bye.

—Philip Desch.

La Souris et le Lion (Aesop's Fable)

Toute la journée le lion avait chassé,
Sans avoir attrapé assez,
Pour subsister jusqu'au lendemain.
Donc avec sommeil et faim,
Il se couche sous un pin.
A ce moment trente souris passent ce lieu,
Et sont en train de se dire adieu,
Quand le lion se réveilellel,
Il en attrape une avec sa grosse main,
Parcequ'il sait qu'il préfère la souris à du pain.
La petite souris la situation surveille,
Et dit au lion très épouvantée,
—Laissez moi m'en aller et un jour je vous payerai.
—Et bien, dit le lion, vous êtes si petite,
Je vous laisserai libre, mais partez trèe vite.
Deux semaines plus tard, à midi ou douze heures,
Le lion se trouve dans un filet de chasseurs.
Et sa grande voix entendue dans tout le paysage,
Et surtout par la petite souris qui mange un fromage.
Elle court vers le bruit à toute vitesse,
Pour aider celui qui l'a aidée dans sa détresse.
Elle arrive et voit son ami malheureux,
Et elle commence à ronger les cordages vigoureux.
Quand le lion est libre, its s'en vont aussitôt.
Pour ne pas être ainsi attrapés de nouveau.
Ils courent à la maison de la souris pour manger,
Du pain et du vin sur une table arrangée.
Et assis à table la souris lui dit,
"Si vous aidez quelqu'un à garder sa vie,
Un jour vous serez aidé par lui."

—Philippe Desch.

Homework?

Homework? Why no, I don't have any homework tonight. Whatever made you think that? And you know, Mother, this show is awfully educational. You thought that I had to have a tree chart done in three days, and that I just started it last night? Yes, I know, but—ah—I got so much done last night that I'm sure I can finish it on time. How much did I get done? Well—I don't remember exactly, but—ah—I have the branches of the tree and a root hair drawn. And I found some pictures that I can copy on the old chart in just a jiffie. You thought that I said the same thing last night, and that it took me nearly all evening to draw the root hair? But—ah— you see, I *had* to do that picture pretty good because Miss Weber is awfully particular about root hairs. The other things I can just—. You thought Miss Weber was particular about everything? Well—ah—she is, kind of—but—. Gee Mother, I just know I'll get a lot from the show. It's all about King Henry the VIII, and that's history you know. You know that Clara Bow in "Hoopla" is there too, and you bet that's the chief attraction? Why Mother, I didn't even know that it was here, or at least I wasn't exactly *sure*. You don't think it's fit for a girl of my age to see? Oh, Mother! Don't be old fashioned. I told you that that King Henry show was educational and historic and everything. Stop being a baby? O-o-o-h, Mother, you'll be sorry when I'm dead. Mommy! You say I can go if it'll make me stop whining around like a six weeks old pup? Gee, thanks Mommy. Of course I'll wear my rubbers. Well, so-long. Yes I'm coming home early. Well, goo'bye. Certainly I have my key.

The next evening. . . . .

What's that, Mother, you say I haven't made my bed? Well—I haven't had time. How'd *you* like to have to make an old tree chart in two nights? You thought that I said I'd have plenty of time? Well—I thought I would, but gosh, you know how it is. You wouldn't have let me go to the show last night if you'd known more about that chart? Oh, well, Mother, I guess it would have been just as well. The show wasn't so good anyway, just a lot of history and stuff.

—Rosemary Frank.

The Brownies

"Oh, Florence! Wake up! The brownies have come!"

That was what my brother greeted me with on a Sunday morning in the year 1923. I wondered what it was all about. Then, suddenly remembering that the night before Daddy had called up the brownies, I dived under my pillow and pulled out a little package of butter-scotch candy.

"Oh goody? Let's hurry down stairs and see what more they have brought us."

So in our pajamas we hurried down stars and beheld candy hidden in such places as: on the electric holders, lamps, chairs, books, and tables. With exclamations of delight we gathered it up. To us it looked like a great quantity but in reality it was only two or three five-cent packages of candy. That morning we

ate too much candy before breakfast and so spoiled that meal.

But times have changed and I now listen to my Daddy's one-sided conversation on the telephone.

"Hello! The Brownies please!—Hello—Hello. Is this the brownies? This is Mr. Daniels, 1129 Waban Hill. These children would like some candy again."

Then he is interrupted by my little sister: "Oh, Daddy! tell him to bring butter-scotch!"

"All right. They'd like some butter-scotch.—Where? Oh just hide most of it in the sitting-room and a little bit under their pillows.—thank you.—Goodbye."

Then I wonder why I had to grow up and outgrow the pleasant play of "the brownies."

—Florence Daniels.

Chicken Cluckings

Just a minute until he gets through cutting off that last leg. The creaking is terrible. As I was saying I was out in the yard scraping up some dinner when along came Mr. Brown. Believe me! that look he gave me had murder in it. I was so terrorized that I couldn't even cluck. He picked me up by my legs, caught my flapping wings with one hand, and with the other he picked up a sharp hatchet in spite of my frenzied pecking at his hands. Bang! down came the hatchet! Off rolled that useless thing which had been sitting on top of my neck for oh—as long as I can remember. I found out afterwards that by a miraculous accident he had chopped off my head without taking off any part, however small, of my precious neck. This killed my body but my spirit was destined to linger—a ghost—instead of going to heaven or the other place—for chickens have a heaven you know, and the other place too, for that matter. That is how I come to be talking to you this very moment. I was then given a nice hot bath and all of the long white prickly things were taken off. Was that ever a relief. It was worse than wearing red flannel underwear. I then was split open and my insides were taken out. Some of them were washed and put back to aga—What's that? Oh! How's my liver you say? Well, ask that little glutton over there, he knows! Then Mr. Brown gave me to the poor people who first put me through h-hades and—well here I am. There's nothing left of me but bones now. But listen—it's my fairy Godmother calling for me. Well, good-day Mrs. Cranberry sauce; I must be going where by fairy Godmother is—I hope!

—Warren Summer.

Gypped

"This blue stuff is all over my hands. I've got to go in there and wash 'em. Wait here for me."

Five cents to get in the place. Go over to the bowls and try to coax the soap to come out of hiding from the container. Vainly run the faucet labeled "hot" to get it to come out hot. After getting most of the blue coloring off, find all the paper toweling containers labeled "out of order." A solicitous negress offering you a linen towel from a neat stack she carries and sweetly informing you as you commenced wiping: "Ten cents, please."

If looks could kill, that woman would be at peace with the world today. I went out calling down imprecations on all cheaters in general and this fat negress in particular.

"Fifteen cents to wash my hands," I stormed to the others. "Why I could buy several towels like she had for the price I paid to wipe my hands on one. May my type be extinct if I don't use a drinking fountain hereafter."

—Helen Rockwood.

News Broadcast

Next! Step right up Mr. Smith. How are you? Well, I can see you're just fine. It looks as though the Cubs are "gonna" get pretty near the top in the National League this year. With "Chuck" Klein battin' one old pill around they'll go places. How do you want it cut Mr. Smith? Clippers around the ears? I guess the Badgers are improvin' right along. Purdue just had a better team. The next time they play Illinois and Iowa it'll be a different story. Next year the Badgers are "gonna" be at the very top of the pile. Hello! Mr. Zilch. You're next. I'll be through here in a "coupla" minutes. Have you steady work now, Mr. Zilch? Well, I guess a lot of "fellas" like you have been helped too. Mr. Smith, do you want your neck shaved or just clipped? The funnies are at the bottom of that pile over there, under the magazines, Mr. Zilch. I nearly die laughin' at "Major Hoople." I don't see how a guy can talk so much and live. All right Mr. Smith. I'm done with you. Thank you. Come again. Good-by. You're next Mr. Zilch.

—Billy Jones.

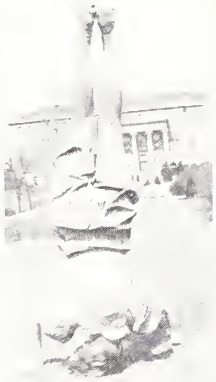
Better Never Than Late

Awaiting the coming of ten Christmas guests,
In various stages of nervous unrest,
My parents were pacing the living room floor,
Expectantly awaiting a knock at the door.
The clock ticked on slowly, but no guests appeared,
A half an hour passed, and a mishap was feared.
My mother, with visions of overturned cars,
Sat watching my father smoke unlit cigars.
An hour flitted by, and the dinner grew cold,
'Til visions of turkey made father grow bold,
To suggest—'twould be better if we were to eat,
So with sighs of reluctance we each took our seat.
There were places enough for fifteen to be treated,
So at every third place was a person now seated.
I vow that the record is yet to be beaten,
Of a meal that was ever more grumpily eaten.
A dead game of cards, and goodnights were said,
Then we glumly shuffled our way up to bed.
And half an hour later, as we'd just gone to sleep,
The doorbell was heard, out of bed we all leaped.
And there to confront us with looks of surprise,
There suddenly rose before our startled eyes,
Our ten long lost guests, quite amazed at our dress
'Nere before had they seen such immodest distress.
"But why," asked my dad, "weren't you here at seven?"
"My land sakes!" cried my aunt, "didn't you say eleven?"

—Rosemary Frank.

Eighth Grade

OUR GANG



GETTING THE RIGHT SLANT ON LIFE

CHAMPEEN

LATEST STYLES

"THE INSTITOOT"

GOOD POSTURE

NICE DOG

"THE INTELLIGENTSIA"

Catherine Coleman

First Row—M. Wilkie, N. Nesbit, K. Coleman, M. Aberg, D. McLean, A. Bardeen, G. Pekel, V. Worth.
Second Row—R. Smith, R. Buerki, C. Hanson, D. Dysland, J. Pekel, M. Greeley, C. Harper.
Third Row—E. Odegard, B. Anderson, M. Steeber, S. Jackson, D. Buck, T. Harrington, J. Peterson, E. Potter.
Top Row—H. Hopkins, J. Stimson, L. Barron, R. Thale, P. Slidell, C. Rogers.

Dale Buck

Eighth Grade

OUTSTANDING PUPILS

Sylvia Jackson

Meet Sylvia Jackson, the incorrigible mischief! Although she frequently receives all A's, you may be sure that it is not because of her behavior. However, when in sober mood, she shows not only common sense but poetic genius, and consequently was elected our Student Council Representative and chosen as our Literary Editor of the Annual. You who know her cannot deny that she is outstanding in music, skating, swimming, tumbling, basketbal, speedball, and other G.A.A. activities.

Mary Jane Marks

Outstanding in the class and always on the Honor Roll, Mary Jane was chosen the class president for the first semester, and our General Activities Editor of the Annual. She is president of the Swimming Club and has earned her "W" and chevron in G.A.A. She sang a solo at the Wisconsin High-Randolph Debate, and is a good violinist. She is scribe of the Girl Scout troop. She won two first places in the city swimming meet, is a well-known amateur skater, and loves to ski, play baseball and tennis.

Eleanor Potter

Are you wondering what causes the commotion in Mr. Hartung's room so frequently? Well, Eleanor is usually at the bottom of it. Yes, she is the class president and gets good grades, despite the fact that her sense of humor predominates. She was on the speedball team, is one of the best tumblers, has real ability in vocal music, and surpasses all her classmates in art.

Tim Harrington

You certainly are acquainted with Professor Harrington, and you know that he gets excellent grades. He was our efficient home room chairman for the first semester, and was appointed our Editor-in-chief of the Annual. He held undisputed claim to the position of pianist for the Junior Orchestra until he exchanged his piano for a violin. You probably enjoyed his singing in the quartet at the Christmas program.

General Activities

Following the suggestion of Miss Hoard, we have given hobby talks during our home room meetings. Especially interesting was a puppet show given by Tim Harrington, Cornelia Rogers, and Barbara Anderson. Favorite pets, sports, collecting objects of nature and newspaper features, and making scrapbooks and model airplanes were topics discussed.

At Christmas we sent three bushel baskets of food and clothing and a Christmas tree to a needy family.

In the fall the class, accompanied by Mr. Skewes, hiked to Eagle Heights where wieners sizzled and excitement prevailed.

In March we gave a very successful electrical exhibit which was attended by many of the parents, teachers, and other pupils of the school.

Can You Imagine

Sylvia Jackson at school on time every morning?
Eleanor Potter with her natural face?
Mac Greeley without gum?
Jody Stimson without any warpaint on?
Mary Jane Marks with long curly hair?
Junior Pekel coming to English class with all his books?

Carl: "How much do you weigh, Myron?"
Myron: "One hundred and thirty pounds."
Carl: "You must have been weighed with your coat on."
Myron: "I did not. I held it on my arm all the time."

Mac: "I suppose I ought to thank you for the mean look you gave me in assembly."

Jody: "You must be mistaken. I recall that you had a mean look, but I didn't give it to you."

I used to think I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Bob Buerki: "I wear gloves when I sleep to keep my hands soft."
Bob Smith: "Do you wear a hat too?"

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks!
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for several weeks.

Carroll Hayden: "What are you going to do when you are through school?"
Tim Harrington: "I'm going to take a course in Pharmacy, so I can learn to be a farmer.

—Charles Hanson.

WHY ARE SENIORS LIKE KEROSENE LAMPS?

1. They aren't especially bright.
2. They are often turned down.
3. They are frequently trimmed.
4. And sometimes go out at night.

Helen: "What's the matter Dale?"
Dale: "Got something in my eye."
Helen: "What is it?"
Dale: "Don't know. Can't see it."

Lawyer: "Have you any money to pay your attorney's fees?"
Mose: "No sah, but I'se got a hawg."
Lawyer: "Fine. Now what is it you are accused of stealing?"
Mose: "A hawg."

Effect of Studying

After walking many miles in a dense forest, I suddenly came upon a clearing. In the middle of the clearing stood a house with a mournful aspect. While I stood there gazing at it, a bell rang, the doors opened and a crowd of queer creatures poured out. Among them were a lizard, a grass snake, a salamander, and a group of eels, most of them wearing glasses and all looking very strict. I realized that these must be teachers and the house with the mournful aspect must be a school. So, stepping gingerly over the soggy grass, I entered the school.

I walked up a hall which seemed endless. All the doors were locked except one, and this was wide open. I started to go in, but found my way blocked by a very fat frog, who had become wedged in the doorway.

"Extricate me, extricate me," she panted.

At this moment two large rabbits appeared. One wore overalls and the other wore a dress with an apron over it.

"You get over there on her left side, Johnny," grunted the aproned rabbit.

The two rabbits set to gnawing away the wood on either side of the frog, and before long she was free. As soon as she was free I started to enter, but just then a bell rang, and I found myself shoved into a seat by the elderly eel who appeared to be our teacher.

"Mac, will you behave yourself," she shrieked.

Mac, a long, thin grass snake, bent dutifully over his books, but I could see him glancing toward the teacher.

"Marjorie, will you go on with today's work," she said.

To my surprise I found myself turned into a small, forgetful lightning bug. I was forced to stutter out, "I---I---I'm sure I---I---I don't know, teacher."

Her reply was, "Well, Bob Smith, you go on, then."

Bob, a graceful prairie-rose, stood up, and began to reel off dates, dates, and more dates.

"That's enough, Bob," whispered a flea, but the unfortunate flea was loudly rebuked by the teacher.

"Junior, that's enough—it's only fair that you give Bob good attention—Bob, stop now—you've given us three wrong dates—Mary Jane, you go on."

Another eel, a picture of the teacher, except for the horn-rimmed glasses, rose and began to talk. One by one the class began to fall asleep, till—I sneezed and everyone woke up. A plump kitten, in one corner, began to chatter.

"Be quiet, Eleanor, we know you're smart," was all the teacher said to this.

Just then the bell rang and the class started to go, but we were stopped by, "Come back, you're not dismissed yet," from the teacher. We froze in our tracks, and the teacher went on, "All right, you're dismissed, and walk out."

Once outside I was grabbed by a small crab who dragged me to a locker, and opening it, shrieked in my ear, "Look at that locker—isn't it messy—it's yours," and with that she left me.

I sidled up to a monkey.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Mary Belle Wilkie," was her reply.

Upon asking her who the crab was, I found it was Ann Bardeen. A bell rang, and I followed the monkey to another room, where the class was assembled. At the door I bumped into a jug who moaned, "I'm the sap of the family tree." I recognized the jug as the much famed Bob. I soon found my seat, but, upon looking for my pencil, I found that my old acquaintance the frog had it."

"Will you please, whatever your name is, give me my pencil?"

Her reply was, "My name is Jody Stimpson and here's your pencil."

With my pencil I began to write:

"This is the tale of our class so sweet,
All of them are disguised for you to meet,
Short and tall, frogs and snakes,
To make an eighth grade, that's what it takes."

There was an awful crash at that minute, and I picked myself up from the floor, to get back into bed.

—Marjorie Aberg.

The Death of Mae

Words alone cannot describe the details of the death of my dearest friend Mae, but I shall try to tell you what I can of this interesting affair in the following way.

The second day of school the seventh and eighth grade girls met in the upper gymnasium for their first class of Physical Education together. One of the first proceedings was to call roll. The list of pupils given to Miss White had the names of both boys and girls mixed. Things went along smoothly until she came to the honored name of "Mac Greeley." The last letter in "Mac" was blurred. "Girls," she inquired, "is this Mae or Mac Greeley?" "Mae, Mac, Mae, Mac" resounded from all sides. "All right that is enough," she said. At that time we didn't know which name she had chosen and we didn't think much of it.

The next time that class met she called roll the first thing. None of us expected her to call Mae's name but she did. Luckily I was quite a distance from her when I answered that Mae was absent, so she didn't hear my giggle.

By 10 o'clock Monday we had all of our plans made. I was Mae's best friend and locker mate. I frequently received letters from her informing me of her return from the World's Fair. When she called Mae's name I had nothing to do except to answer, "Mae is at the World's Fair." For two weeks my friend had a grand time at the Fair. Wednesday I announced that I had received a letter from her saying that she would be back that night. The next morning she had a bad cold which prevented her from coming to school.

But horrors of horrors the next time my friend had come down with pneumonia. "Oh yes," the practice teacher commented, "Chicago is the place to pick up something dreadful like that;" and Miss White declared that we would gladly await her coming. And how that class of forty girls cooperated with me! There was not a giggle to betray my cause.

My dearest friend was afflicted with that exceedingly serious ailment for three weeks. Just think three weeks pinned to an oaken bedstead. During the next few days her fate was decided, and she was to die Sunday night. Next day a solemn atmosphere seemed to hang over the entire place. Saddened, worried girls talked in hushed voices in the remotest corners. Mae was everyone's friend. Miss White asked me innocently, "Is something the matter Sylvia?" "Why—why, Miss White didn't you know Mae is dead," I answered. "Oh how awful; how can it be true?" she replied. Later I was told my mouth had a peculiar expression about it. (This can be explained by the fact that I was ready to burst into laughter on the slightest notice.)

Two days later I announced that Mae was to be buried tomorrow in the Forest Hill cemetery at two o'clock. Miss White has not said anything about it since then and I often wonder if she knows the truth of the matter. I know I'll never say a word about it to her. I will always puzzle over the fact that nothing was ever said at the office because Mae's name appeared on the blue slips at ten o'clock and not on any others. I am sure every body has enjoyed that joke even though it was in a gym class. —Sylvia Jackson.

No Dessert Brings Repentance

Brothers always do have a prejudice against their sisters' cooking. One Sunday afternoon, I was helping one of these unfortunate sisters to prepare some creamed eggs on toast. Her brother discovered this, and expected to be laid up in bed for the next week.

At last we served. By the time this brother was through with the first course, he complained of severe stomach cramps and the loss of his appetite, both of which we knew to be fictitious. Then we told him that the dessert was to be served. He waited expectantly while we served ourselves enormous dishes of ice cream, covered with chocolate sauce. At last we brought his; a little bit of ice cream on a plate. Very sympathetically we told him that if he did not feel very well he had better not eat much dessert. The poor boy was suddenly very repentant. He looked hungrily at us. We thought that we had taught him one lesson; never to criticize his sister's cooking. —Mary Jane Marks.

A Tribute

How doth the busy busy bee improve each shining hour
Who gathers honey every day from little dandelion flowers
Who walketh up and down the aisle and plucketh by the ear
Each miserable culprit without one bit of fear
For them there is no pity they long just more and more
To hear the brass bell tingle and to see the open door
Alas, alas poor souls beware who labor in that class
Be shrewd, be coy, be quick and then you'll never have a clash.

—Anonymous.

Einstein

The class was dark and dreary
Einstein was a storm
Taxes with their theories
Were flashing across the dorm
"Why don't you little children see
That you must do your work for me
Not to whisper you must promise
Or you shall go into my office."
Thirty-one papers mussed and torn
Were scribbled on that terrible morn.
Hark the mighty Einstein's out
Come on kids let's stop and shout
Fifteen erasers flying at random
Two practice teachers to stop command them
Thirty-one army vets pay little heed
Until Einstein comes and does his day's deed
Ah ha! I've caught you in the act
The room appeared to be ransacked
Chalk was found upon the floor
Smashed to bits to use no more.
Einstein looked on with an eagle eye
He saw that mischief had been nigh
Hand in your papers, finished or not
And be here at three-thirty on the dot.
After school he held a session
And made each innocent give a confession
And thus passed that eventful day,
When the eighth grade class decided to play.

—Mary Belle Wilkie

A tree toad loved a she toad
That lived in a tree;
She was a 3-toed tree toad,
But a 2-toed tree toad was he,
The 2-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the 3-toed tree toad trod;
But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—
He couldn't please her whim;
In her tree toad bower, with her V-toed power,
The she toad vetoed him.

Seventh Grade

SCOTCH FIRE DRILL

THREE WITH GOOD UNDERSTANDING

"MOTHER RIGBY"

HOW SHOCKING

CHAMPEENS

WHY DONT YOU COME UP SOME TIME?

NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY

BE-WITCHING

SING! SING!

WHOOPS-A-DAISY

First Row—E. Sheldon, S. Jackson, J. Spears, B. Haake, H. Hall, T. Patterson, J. Davis.

Second Row—M. Kinne, M. Fuller, M. Stafford, N. Wright, J. Clarke, J. Sullivan, H. Bates, M. Murphy.

Third Row—J. Trumbower, D. Terry, M. Deland, F. Horner, J. Hicks, J. Elchlepp, J. Rockwood.

Top Row—J. Hirschberg, O. Otto, H. Thomas, R. Morris, R. Bradley.

Seventh Grade

Not for many years has Wisconsin High had such a class of Seventh Graders. We have the jump on those intervening years by starting off with more classmates and we refuse to admit that this is our only superior trait. Our Home Room, early in the fall, elected the following officers:

First Semester	Officers	*Second Semester*
Josephine Trumbower	President	Richard Bradley
Sidney Jackson	Vice-President	Owen Otto
Margaret Kinney	Secretary & Treasurer	Jane Elchlepp
Owen Otto	Student Council	John Davis

Under the direction of Miss Springhorn we presented a play called "Feathertop," at the same time the upper classmen gave the first series of one act plays in December. In English class we read "Feathertop" written by Hawthorne and then worked with one another in writing the play, and the poetry read between the scenes. Richard Bradley worked out the dance steps for the witches and scare crows, and the leads in the play were portrayed by Helen Hall, as Mother Rigby, and Tom Patterson as Feathertop.

Our next class project was the decorating and furnishing of four Christmas baskets for a negro family. We worked very hard fixing menues and gifts for the numerous children.

When a new set-up for the Annual editorial staff was decided on in the first semester, the following appointments were made for our class: Editor—Richard Bradley; Snapshot Editor—John Davis; Humor Editor—Helen Hall; Literary Editor—Margery Stafford; Activities Editor—Janet Clark.

On March 16 we had a Hobby Day in which we spent our Home Room meeting displaying our individual interests, with various collections. On March 20 this was followed by talks about our hobbies.

Our class, the youngest in the school, is active in many different ways. Most of the girls are members of the Girl Scout Troop. Josephine Trumbower played a selection on the piano during the intermission of one of the regular debates. The boys built attractive model airplanes and ships in Manual Training.

At the beginning of the second semester our already large class welcomed a new-comer from Germany, Inge Jollos, who opened many new ways and new lands to our vision.

May we as a class sincerely thank our advisor, Miss Ruth Johnson, for her helpful attitude and diligent aid in our problems.

WHAT STARTED OUT TO BE A BALL DRESS

I'm white
I'm going to a ball
I have no sash.
No—none at all.
I wear a white corsage right here.
In the shoulder and under the ear.
I put on airs—
O lovely ones,
I sweep, I curve, I turn and swerve.

I'm white
I'm going to a ball
But some are very tall
For on my lovely tail they tread,
And Z-Z-Z-Zip right up my back it sped.
And I had not another a ball.

—By Helen Hall.

Do You Remember

Why Miss Springhorn in her criticism on our book reports said, when she came to Helen's name, "All I have written down is 'nutty in the head' "?

When Mrs. Burr asked Owen when she could change 12½ to call it 13 in arithmetic, and he said "You have to have cents"?

When Mr. Skewes got up from the seat and took two people's initials with him? Ho! Ho!?

When two girls sorely hurt Joseph's pride by washing his face with snow and pebbles on the way back from the French House. Did he need it?

How little Babs in Mrs. Nofsker's room was able to amuse the girls during sewing by telling big harrowing tales about murders and things she had seen,—— in the movies?

When Andy Rice came galloping into the room so happily until he fatally rounded the corner and bang! landed with feet in the air?

When Margaret Kinne couldn't bring her report cards on time because her father's pen broke down before he got to the seventh card?

The stories Miss Springhorn read to us and always asked "Did you like it?" We did! She hasn't failed yet.

When Helen turned purple when Mrs. Burr reprimanded her and said, "Helen, I have never seen you misbehave before"?

When Miss Lathrop said, "Will you please talk stopping"?

Did you ever see a dream jumping? No. Well, Jane and Hicks say you should see Mr. Skewes jump the fence each noon.

Work this math problem—

Boys x Bean shooters + Mrs. Perry = What?

Answer—"office". Check answer with Mrs. Burr.

My Canary

"Whooft! now he's out!" I ran after the bird which, giving a frightened chirp, flew up and lit on the curtain rod. Pulling a stool near the sink, I was frustrated when the bird flew down. After shaking his wet feathers, he flew and clung to another curtain. Just as I reached the curtain, he lit on a bureau. I had no sooner reached the bureau, when he flew around to the floor near the door.

"Ah, at last I have you!" said I as I caught him. "Whit," chirped he, very much frightened. Just as I got near the cage, he flew away again. By this time, I was very much disgusted. Well, this time I determined to get him. He flew to the ice box, and, cocking his head, looked at some food that was standing on top. I stole up quietly and caught him. The next moment, he was in his cage, puffing out his feathers, and I was in a comfortable chair, resting.

—Barbara Haake.

The Antique Chair

I never will forget that day that grand day when George Washington came to town, and to crown it all he was going to stay at our hotel, the very hotel where I sat day after day in the corner. I was so delighted that the shivers ran up and down my hard oak legs. The moment came and he walked into the room a tall strong figure. He walked over toward a soft leather chair that had been my enemy ever since the day it came and started to sit down. My heart skipped a hundred beats but just then he changed his mind and came over toward me, pulled me over in front of the fire and sat down. I was so glad that I sat very still trying to suppress the creaks in my old trembly legs. He soon went but I never will forget that hour of my life and now I sit in the Antique shop with my mem ories of that day two hundred years ago.

—By Joseph Trumbower.

What a Fisherman!

"Well I'm off to catch a big trout!" In fifteen minutes, I was down at the lake, sitting on a bench, waiting for some dumb fish to bite. This happened to be my first time fishing.

I had received my week's allowance and was wondering what I was going to do with it, when all of a sudden, I felt a jerk on my line. I was so startled, I began to run. When I finally could see the "big fish" I had caught, I found out it was a baby perch. I was so mad, I started home, then I remembered the big fish I had said I was going to bring home. I was, luckily, right across from a meat shop. I ran over and asked the clerk how much a big trout was. It was fifty cents. I got it, and walked home. I was thinking of how much praise I was going to get at dinner. When dinner was served, everybody laughed at me, and said that the fish's eyes were out, and it had been scaled. They all thanked me for the fish I had bought them. After dinner, Dad gave me fifty cents back. So, after all, I didn't lose anything except my reputation as a fisherman.

—John Davis.

Revenge

The cat was made. No wonder! She had had several retreats to the basement and not exactly happy ones, either. She couldn't see why you shouldn't lie on a particularly comfortable silk pillow or a freshly covered davenport, and she couldn't help it if she got hair all over anything; she was shedding. The dog was never accused of this. Perhaps it was because he had short hair, but she didn't think of that just then. Also ice boxes were nice places to stick your nose in when the door was opened. She was mad, of course. She could hear the maid beating delicious eggs with foamy, rich milk, and, of course, adding a little sugar. Suddenly, a child burst in to go somewhere down in the basement. This was her

chance. Quietly she sneaked out of the basement and waited in the hall. The custard was cooling on the kitchen table. Custard was particularly appetizing when you had been in the basement for an afternoon with not much lunch to speak of. At last the maid left and the cat stole quietly into the kitchen, jumped on a chair, and then onto the table. Her mouth closed upon soft, warm custard and she ate on and on for about five minutes. Suddenly the maid entered the room and the cat attempted to jump down from the table, but was seized by the scruff of the neck, and given several, not gentle, taps on the rear. She was then put in the basement, the door being tightly closed and locked. There she sat, thinking. What had she accomplished? Nothing! The cat was mad.

—Jane Harriet Hicks.

THE WITCHES RIDE

Tonight there's a full moon
Witches will come very soon.
Mother Rigby heads the mob
Making children cry and sob.

Across the sky there are black bats
The kind that get tangled up in hats.
Away on their broomsticks the witches ride
Grabbing little boys to sit by their side.

Later they gather round the pot.
See! They're coming from every spot
They're bringing little children from almost every route,
So you'd better watch out when there're witches about.

—Louise Bradley.

WHEN THE WITCHES MEET

On a dark, windy night when the witches meet,
And the wicked old wind goes whoooooooooooo;
It's then when their black, black plans are laid,
And they haunt the deserted street.

Come one, come all, cries the old chief witch,
Leave your pots of foaming pitch.
Come one, come all, with your silver spoons.
It's now that we witches meet.

—Dorothy Terry.

Twenty Bites in Five Minutes

"Whoops! I got a bite!" yelled Ted, loud enough to scare away all the fish within a half mile. Fortunately the pool was no larger than a good sized tablecloth, so the fish couldn't go far.

"Hurry, and pull it in!" I screamed, and added in an excited tone, "I got one, too!" We both jerked on the line as hard as we could, but the fish slipped off. This was no wonder, as the hooks were bent hairpins.

"Oh, heck! we'll have to catch more grasshoppers, 'cause our bait's gone," said Ted sadly. We soon were at it again. In less time than it takes to tell, our grasshoppers disappeared. We kept this up for half an hour with always the same results. I thought of the promise I had made to furnish the dinner table with fresh fish. I *must* get a fish!

"C'mon, let's make a net," I said, and we started off toward home.

Soon we were at it again with a gunny-sack we called a net. It was fearfully dilapidated, and much resembled a sieve. The fish went through the holes as easily as if there was no sack at all.

Then Teddy said, "let me grab for them with my hand!"

"Okay!" said I.

The only result of this venture was Ted got thoroughly soaked.

Needless to say, we had no fresh fish for dinner that night.

—Joseph Herschberg.

Circus in General

We come into the circus grounds. There are lots of people yelling themselves hoarse; animals, handsomely arrayed, come along in huge golden carts. It is hot and dusty. Everyone is going everywhere, at the same time, always in a hurry. Above the clatter and chatter a booming voice is heard.

"Come in and see Chachipo the Great do his death-defying stunt. See the horses dance, and—etc. etc. etc." A ticket is bought quickly and we go into a large tent. A man offers us a rose and when we take the stem, it is only straw, and he keeps the flower. A man, with a brown mustache, sells candy that looks like cotton, tastes like cotton, and probably is cotton.

At last, the show begins. Horses gallop, monkeys leap from place to place, and a number of stunts follow. Cheers and shouts come most, but some only make comments, and razz.

An old woman with a youngster comes up the aisle and claims that our seat is hers. We insist that it isn't, and finally she mumbles something and tries to pull the gag on another.

Every now and then there is a crunch and a crack, and someone is eating a peanut. Everyone is talking, quietly or loudly, all at once. A continual laugh, and sometimes a gasp, as someone pretends he is hurt or is going to fall. In a little while, it is all over. The dizzy-looking clowns and handsome animals are left deserted as the crowds buy tickets to side shows. At last we are lost in the mob, and roam for an hour and a half before we find the road. —Richard Bradley.

Behind Scenes

All was confusion behind scenes, as the mammouth ring of Jones and Frederick's Circus filled with noisy, happy crowds. The Jones and Frederick's Circus Band blared a lusty tune as the jostling crowd went to their seats in the grandstand.

Backstage, Jim Hoyt, the dashing ringmaster, swiftly put the finishing touches to his dazzling makeup. As his smooth voice rang out into the circus ring a few minutes later, the Joyce troup, the accrobats who were to be the first "attraction" on the "magnificent" program, gathered together in a corner of the canvas dressing room.

"Gee, I'm sorta scared," said Billy Joyce, the youngest of the group of five brothers who were to have their "ring test" today. "Oh boy, so am I!" said another. And they had a right to be excited, for this was their first experience in the ring of the Jones and Frederick's Circus. Before, they had performed at small fairs of no importance, but this was the real test, for which they had struggled so long. They needed money desperately, and this was their chance.

"OK, boys," said Jim.

They dashed into the ring.

Their act went on smoothly, the men going easily from one trick to another—then, Billy winced.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the performers.

"Turned my ankle," whispered Billy.

"Well, you'll have to go on anyhow—the crowd's waiting."

"I——l——can't; I'll stumble in the triple triangle act."

"Oh, my gosh—you'll simply have to!"

Billy groaned, but kept on. Then came the dangerous triple triangle act. He hesitated, and then leapt into the group of acrobats.

Although he faltered, he kept on. The triple triangle act was the most spectacular of the Joyce troup's repertoire.

Needless to say, Billy went through with it.

Half an hour later, Billy woke up.

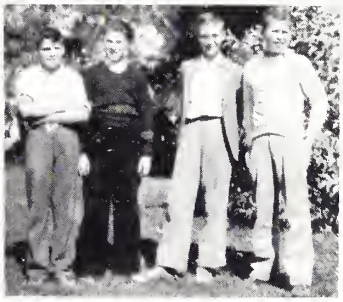
"Whoops!" yelled Dick. "You were the hit of the show! You did a triple sommersault!"

"B-b-but, say, listen!" faltered the bewildered Bill. "Whats all this anyhow? All I remember is that I sprained my ankle, and then I went into the triple triangle act, and then—well, everything went black, and that's all I remember."

"Why, Bill—didn't you know? You fainted—but—oh, boy, we got the contract!"

Freshman Snaps

NICE SCENERY



JUST KIDS

SS'nG

SHEIKS

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

WATCH THE BIRDIE

PALS

BASHFUL

WE WOULDN'T BE-
LIEVE IT EITHER

Barbara Milward

ACTIVITIES

Du Bist Wie Eine Blume

TRANSLATION BY MARY NORTH

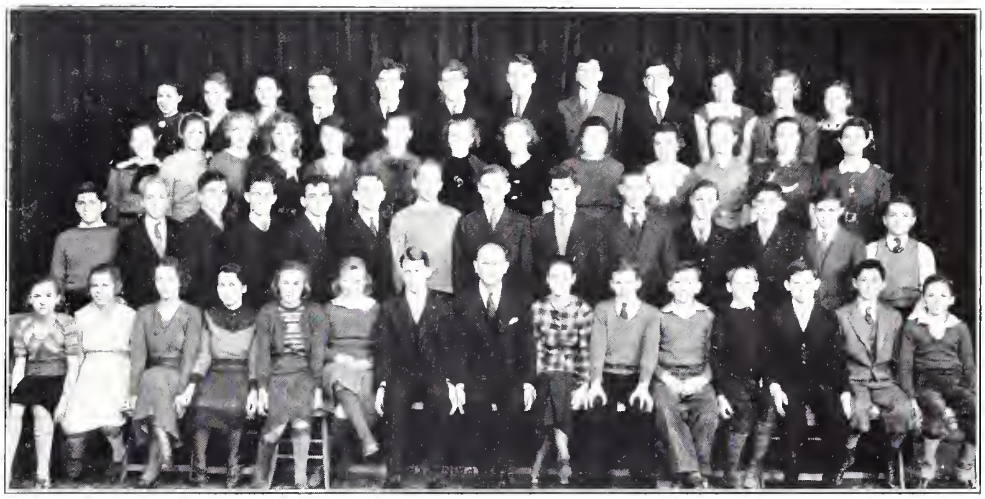
Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schon und rein
Ich schau' dich an und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hande
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein, so schon, so hold.

You Are Like a Flower

You are like a flower,
So pure and sweet and true;
My heart is filled with longing
When e'er I look at you.

I feel that I should kneel
And raise my hands in prayer,
Beseeching God to keep you
So pure and sweet and fair.



ANNUAL STAFF

First Row—J. Elchlepp, M. Stafford, J. Mathews, M. Joachim, J. Clarke, H. Hall, F. Brown, Mr. Phillips, H. Whitefield, C. Hanson, T. Harrington, R. Bradley, W. Sommers, J. Pekel, J. Davis.

Second Row—R. Brahm, J. Bradley, J. Wilkie, J. Mergen, H. Wilkie, R. Stebbins, S. Bradley, C. Brechler, B. Lorenz, C. Royston, M. Coles, S. Edgerton, F. Daniels, J. Wilson.

Third Row—H. Schuette, M. Rehling, I. Bruns, M. Witzemann, S. Jackson, R. Dudley, G. Brodhead, R. Lowman, F. Chapman, B. Hunt, V. Ritzinger, E. Marsh.

Top Row—G. Woy, B. Block, A. Petersen, J. Woy, D. Marsh, B. Hopkins, H. Ryan, B. Dollard, J. Ryan, B. Kessenich, D. Nohr.

Editorial Staff

Editor - - Hallie Lou Whitefield
Assistant Editor - Robert Hopkins
Literary Editor - Ruth Mary Dudley
Snapshot Editor - Stephan Bradley
Humor Editor - Arthur Petersen
Activities Editor - Carlton Brechler
All-School Activities Editor - - - - - - - Horace Wilkie
Art Editor - Mary Jane Joachim
Advisers - Mr. Pooley and Mr. Claxton

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Asst. Business Manager - - - - - - - - Arthur Petersen
Picture Tax Manager - Malcolm Cole
Publicity Manager - Jean Mathews
Adviser - - - - - Mr. Phillips

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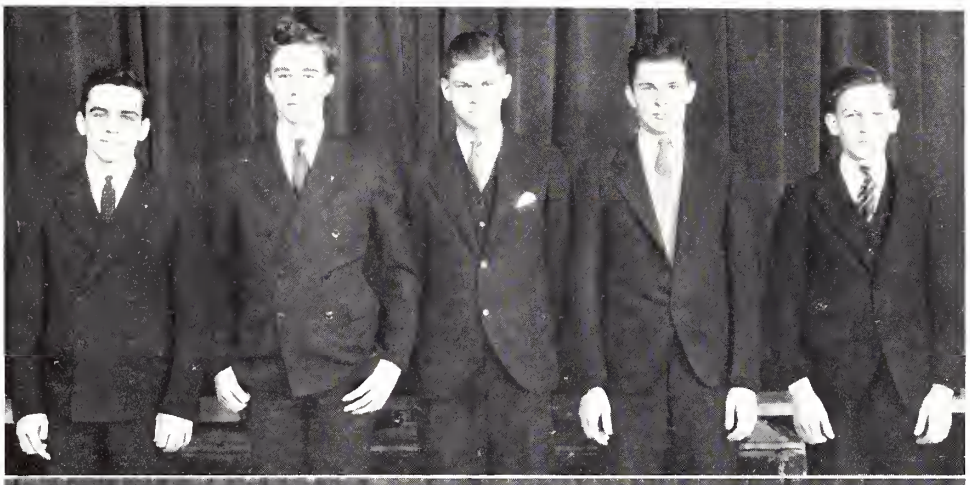
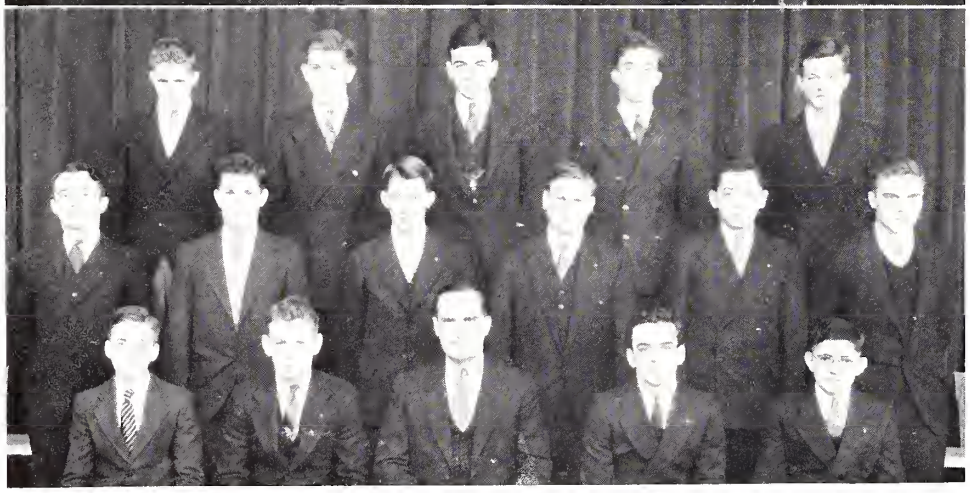
Bud Dollard
Malcolm Cole
John Wilson
Robert Brahm
Barbara Kessenich
Jane Elchlepp
Inge Bruns
Helen Schuette



Bob Rose



RED DOMINO

H. Wilkie, J. Woy, R. Sakrison, B. Lorenz, R. Rose.

HI-Y CLUB

First Row—D. Hunzicker, B. Truax, Mr. Hinderman, H. Wilkie, S. Edgerton.

Second Row—R. Stebbins, B. Lorenz, F. Brown, I. Torkelson, D. LiPigren, A. Peterson.

Top Row—J. Houscholder, D. Marsh, P. Dollard, J. Woy, H. Wardle.

Red Domino

As part of the newly organized playshop, Red Domino, the boys dramatic club, has reached a new peak in dramatic activity. Throughout the year, the members and the apprentices have helped the playshop program as much as they could. They have learned the art of publicity, stage decoration, stage lighting, acting, and properties. Under the new policy adopted by the club each member and each apprentice was asked to participate in at least two activities of the playshop every semester. This policy has proved successful in its short life. This year as usual the three dramatic clubs held the annual banquet at the Union. Besides this there was a tri-dramatic club masquerade and a joint lecture. Red Domino's private meetings held in the Memorial Union proved to be of a beneficial nature, introducing lectures, initiations, and good jokes. By all means the most successful part of the whole year was the new system of apprenticeship. These new members proved to be very helpful and enthusiastic, helping to set a standard that will last for years to come.

OFFICERS

President - - - - Horace Wilkie *Secretary* - - - William Lorenz

Hi-Y Club

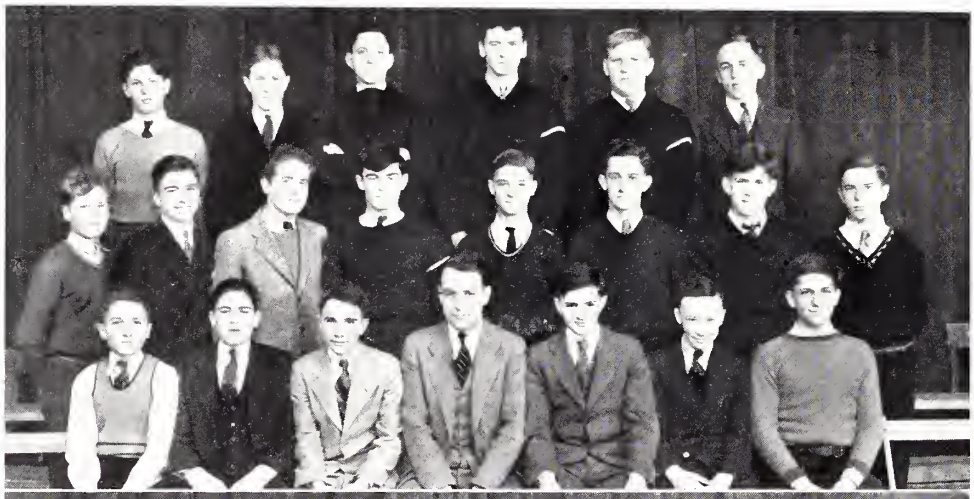
The members of the Hi-Y feel that they have enjoyed a very successful season during the past year. We feel that we have had many interesting and educational programs in the course of our regular Tuesday evening supper meetings, including talks and movies on Mexico and Africa, a trip through a hospital with Dr. Arnold Jackson, a boxing lesson with Johnny Walsh, University boxing coach, and a lecture on economics by Professor Sharp. The members have also enjoyed several recreational meetings. Swimming, ping pong, movies, and a steak fry in the wintry woods have all added to the rounding out of the year's program.

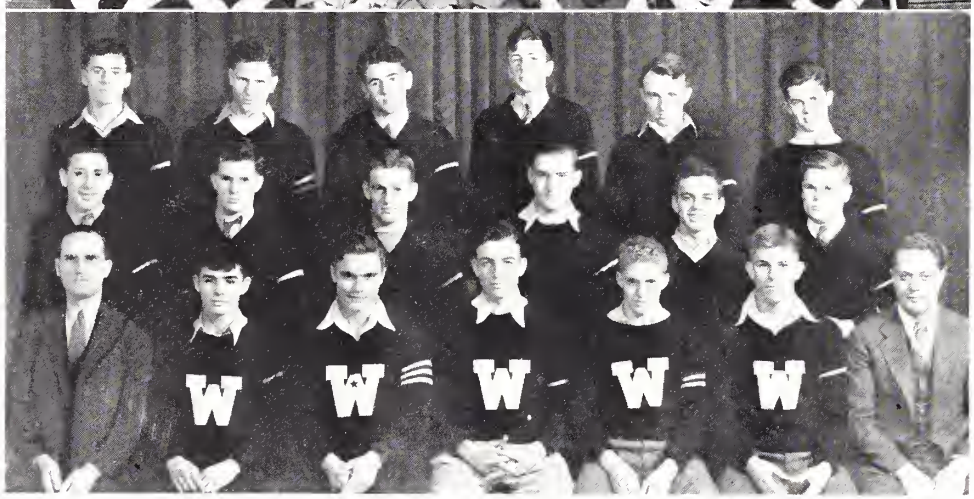
During the year we had two parties; one each semester. The first was held at Horace Wilkie's home and the second at Arthur Petersen's. Both of them as in former years were huge successes, the spring party satisfying the social aims of the club in all respects.

The Mother's Banquet climaxed the year, at which the members tried to express their appreciation of all their mothers do for them. With this banquet another successful year of Hi-Y under the leadership of Mr. Hinderman came to a close. May there be many more.

OFFICERS

President - - - - Horace Wilkie *Vice-President* - - Arthur Petersen
Secretary-Treasurer - Fordyce Brown





BLUE ARROW CLUB

First Row—J. Wilson, A. Ellis, B. Mutchler, Mr. Hartung, F. Daniels, B. Jones, R. Brahm.
Second Row—T. Lorenz, J. Wilkie, A. Grebler, K. Stick, R. Albrecht, J. Mergen, H. Van Abel, R. Hackbarth.
Top Row—J. Brahm, C. Kallevang, F. Butler, B. Kelley, B. Swenson, R. Davis.

"W" BOARD

First Row—Mr. Hinderman, K. Stick, A. Petersen, B. Dollard, J. Householder, D. Marsh, Mr. Rippe.
Second Row—F. Hanson, B. Lorenz, B. Truax, J. Felt, H. Wilkie, L. Torkelson.
Top Row—H. Miller, R. Miller, B. Capitani, H. Ryan, R. Stebbins, K. Carter.

Blue Arrow Club

This club, for Freshman and Sophomore boys, was started by present Junior Class members when they were Freshmen. It was created to meet the lack of any such clubs for boys of these two grades.

Besides giving the members training in club work, the club has two main purposes. It provides both educational and social activities for its members.

The club meets every two weeks at the homes of club members, at which time programs, both entertaining and educational, are provided. Talks by outside speakers, movies, and talks by club members have furnished the programs.

Several committees were formed this year to give all of the members an opportunity for this kind of training.

The club started the year with ten members but this number was doub'ed within a few weeks. The club loses over half of its members every year because the members are automatically dropped from membership when they become Juniors.

The climaxing events of the year were of course the two very successful parties. Of the important events in the club's history are the attendance of a movie, and the outing that winds up the activiies for the year.

The club promises to have further progress next year under the able guidance of its adviser, Mr. Hartung.

OFFICERS

Secretary - - - WILLIAM LORENZ *Vice President* - - - KERMIT STICK
Secretary - - FARRINGTON DANIELS

"W" Board

Last year a new plan was instituted for awarding letters. The coach submits a list of names of the boys who are eligible for letters to the "W" Board at the end of a sport season.

The "W" Board which comprises the captains of all sports is especially fitted through leadership, cooperation and contact finally to determine the candidates who are to receive the "W".

The "W" which is awarded at Wisconsin High School has come to mean much to the "W" men. The superior prowess of the team has made the letter a much coveted emblem by every boy in school. This fine background of tradition is being developed and jealously guarded by the members of the "W" Board.

A special function of the "W" Board is to award the "Why Club" trophy to that boy who has given his best in every respect but who failed to receive the high degree of recognition which should be his. The ability of the "W" Board to make accurate decisions was demonstrated last year when the "Why Club" trophy was awarded to Bob Johnson.

The "W" Board has regularly scheduled meetings at the end of each sport season and holds special meetings whenever athletic business makes them necessary. It is the sincere hope of the graduating board members that future boards will meet with continued success.

"W" BOARD ROSTER 1933-34

President - - - - ART PETERSON *Treasurer* - - - JOHN HOUSEHOLDER
Vice-President - - - DUNCAN MARSH *Adviser* - - - - MR. HINDERMAN
Secretary - - - - BUD DOLLARD *Adviser* - - - - - - MR. RIPPE

TRIACONTA

First Row—V. Ritzinger, R. Lowman, V. Reynolds, V. Johnson, G. Brodhead.
Second Row—D. Heck, B. Hunt, N. Cady, D. Larson, M. Bush.

THALIA

First Row—H. Milward, B. Block, M. Missman, Miss L. Johnson, J. Locvenhart, R. Artmann, D. Batty.
Second Row—B. Hunter, M. Tredennick, D. Stark, E. Stoneman, M. Ohm.

Triaconta

Worthwhile accomplishment has been the goal toward which Triaconta strives. This year has been quite active in this respect. Under the new rules for the dramatic clubs, Triaconta has been one of the sponsers of each of the all-school productions in addition to its own individual activities. Triaconta contributed the skit, Noah's Ark, to the Symphony in Black and White. The club was also responsible for make-up and ticket sales. For the all-school play, Triaconta was in charge of properties. Later on in the year Triaconta was one of the sponsers of the operetta. At a joint meeting of the three dramatic clubs, held at the Memorial Union, Triaconta presented a short play, Aunt Aggie's Foreign Exchange. Our success this year has been greatly due to Miss Hoard, our capable adviser. Triaconta has derived a great deal of pleasure in its activities, and hopes to maintain this standard.

OFFICERS

President - - - Virginia Reynolds
Vice President - - Virginia Johnson
Secretary - - - - Ruth Lowman
Treasurer - - - Virginia Ritzinger

Thalia

Thalia has had an unusually successful year of activities. At the beginning of the year Mr. Lees made suggestions for the club's work throughout the year from which we chose the two following projects: making a scrap book for press notices on all school dramatic and collecting, cataloguing, and mounting pictures illustrating stage sets, costumes and make-up.

The traditional Tri-Dramatic Club banquet held as usual in the Memorial Union was given this year along with a joint lecture on dramatics and a masquerade ball.

Thalia also cooperated with the other dramatic clubs in sponsoring The Symphony in Black and White, The Christmas Program, One Act Plays, The All School Play, and The Operetta.

A new system of admitting members was introduced. It was the system of apprenticeship. All those wishing to belong to a club took part in all activities of the club, except voting. They earned points by working on committees or taking part in dramatics. At the end of the first semester the eligible apprentices were voted on by club members. Seven new members were admitted this year.

Miss Laura Johnson our worthy adviser climaxed the year by giving us a party in her home which proved extraordinarily successful.

OFFICERS

President - - - Janet Loevenhart
Vice-President - - Ruth Artmann
Secretary - - - Meredith Missman
Treasurer - - - - Betty Block

Barbara Kessenich

Carie Moore

Mebbie

Florence E. Ekstrand

PHILOMATHIA

First Row—J. Mathews, E. Marsh, R. Dudley, Miss Weightman, H. Whitefield,, F. Daniels, B. Waters, M. Thomas.

Second Row—M. Beardsley, J. North, I. Bruns, P. Coles, D. Nohr, U. Hagen, M. North, H. Schuette, F. Chapman.

Top Row—J. Stark, H. Julian, B. Jackson, J. Ryan, B. Kessenich, K. Kilgore, G. Woy.

GIRLS' STUDENT CLUB

First Row—F. Ekstrand, M. Bush, G. Griffin, H. Whitefield, J. Ryan, B. Block, V. Johnson, G. Brodhead, R. Artmann, K. McKinnon, R. Wilson, B. Waters.

Second Row—M. Thomas, J. Mathews, M. McLeod, D. Heck, E. Marsh, H. Schuette, D. Hinkel, H. Chapman, H. Milward, B. Bass, V. Ritzinger, F. Daniels, C. Johnson.

Third Row—M. Southworth, J. Kolb, C. Clarke, B. Hunt, C. Pedley, B. Blankensee, P. Coles, R. Frank, G. Woy, M. Missman, R. Dudley, M. Witzemann, R. Lowman, J. Mueller.

Top Row—J. Stark, H. Julian, W. O'Malley, V. Reynolds, K. Kilgore, N. Cady, B. Jackson, D. Stark, H. Hendrickson, M. Tredennick, J. Jacobson, H. Rockwood.

Philomathia

Under the helpful guidance of Miss Weightman, Philomathia, the service club of the school, has gone through its tenth successful year since the club was founded, in 1924. Though its aim is principally to do services for the school, it also provides social contact for the twenty-five members who meet once a month at one of the members home.

In October Philomathia continued its tradition, begun three years ago, of giving a tea for the parents and faculty. It was a sure success as shown by the large attendance and appreciation expressed by many of the parents, and we plan to give another like it in the spring.

About Christmas time we sponsored an all school dance in the upper gym which not only provided entertainment but added substantially to our treasury.

Among other services we have done are the care of the lost and found, together with the sale of the unclaimed articles at the end of each semester; care of the bulletin boards; the straightening of the study hall chairs at noon; ushering services at all school productions; and during the second semester, the job of keeping the teacher's rest room free from congestion.

At this date several other important services have been passed upon by the club but have not been carried out as yet.

A picnic-dance in June for the members of the club and their guests is planned to round out the program of Philomathia's school year.

OFFICERS

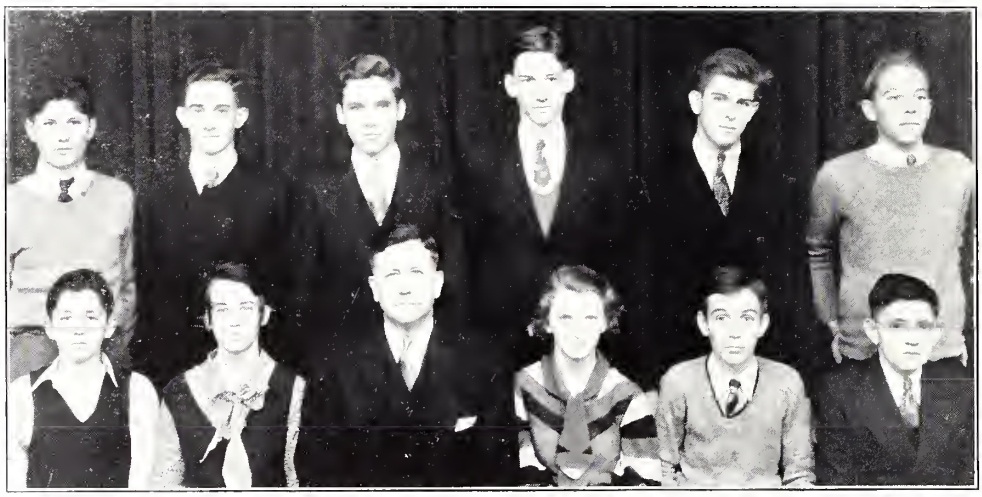
First Semester		*Second Semester*
Hallie Lou Whitefield	*President*	Ruth Mary Dudley
Helen Julian	*Vice-President*	Barbara Waters
Barbara Waters	*Secretary*	Marian Beardsley
Ruth Mary Dudley	*Treasurer*	Pauline Coles

Girls' Student Club

The purpose of the Girls' Student Club it to promote friendship among girls of the school and in the community. To introduce the Girls' Student Club and what it stands for, we had a banquet for all the girls of Wisconsin High School. Many came and the consequent membership turned out to be one of the largest in the history of the club. We started the ball rolling with a mixer given for all students in the school. The turnout was fine and every one had a good time. All through the year, the club did its best to promote friendship among the members, one meeting being turned over entirely to mixing and dancing. Though we didn't have as many outside speakers as usual this year, we did have more programs made up of club talent. On both Christmas and Thanksgiving we helped a destitute family by making toys and furnishing food. Wishing to promote friendship between different schools we invited all girls of the West High club to a joint meeting at which we sponsored a style show, given by Baron Brothers.

OFFICERS

President	Betty Block	*Secretary*	Jean Ryan
Vice President	Hallie Lou Whitefield	*Treasurer*	Virginia Johnson



STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row—J. Pekel, K. MacKinnon, Mr. Ryan, C. Johnson, O. Otto, S. Edgerton.
Second Row—J. Brahm, J. Mergen, P. Kolb, D. Turner, D. Marsh, S. Bradley.

Student Council

For the fifth year Wisconsin High has had its student council. This group, which acts as the legislative as well as the excutive body of the school, meets at various intervals to discuss and iron out the problems which occur during the school year. Among the most weighty of the problems which it has taken up this year, was at least one cheerleader at all out-of-town games and four at each home game. A letter with service stripes was given to the head cheerleader. The council was much complimented on its solution of a problem which has been hanging over the school for many years.

Under the able direction of Mr. Ryan, innumerable small problems were successfully met. The council feels that it has done its part toward making a more entertaining school year.

OFFICERS

President - - - DUNCAN MARSH Vice-President - - - DAN TURNER
Secretary - - - - CAROL JOHNSON

ORCHESTRA

First Row—J. Kolb, L. Cowgill, M. Witzemann, N. Dickson, A. Dickson, I. Bruns, P. Kolb, W. Sommers, J. Wilkie, B. Twenhofel, D. Larson, R. Morse, B. Reinfried, D. Nohr, E. Marsh, D. James.

Last Row—E. Ramsdell, V. Boden, P. Desch, N. Wallen, R. Dudley, J. Brahm, R. Sund, D. Lewis, J. Mergen, H. Paepke, C. Kallevang, J. Wilson.

Orchestra

Conflicting studies and the fact that only two credits may be earned in Orchestra make the problem of getting good musicians especially difficult, but with the help of a few veterans who came back a few times a week just for the fun of it the orchestra has had a good season. Early this year Mrs. Rector picked a few people from the orchestra to play for the one-act plays. The selections that they played were very well given and helped the play program very much. The musical program consisted of a trio, a duet, and a cello solo. A picked group from the orchestra accompanied the soloists in the Symphony in Black and White. The whole group came in on the choruses. The orchestra also kept the crowd interested between the acts of the all school play. The main event of the musical year was the joint presentation of the "Debutante." It took weeks and weeks of constant practice to bring the orchestra into shape. The greatest drawback that the orchestra has to face is the loss of musicians through either graduation or because certain members give up orchestra, having secured their two credits. However there are only a few leaving this year and prospects look better than ever for next year.

OFFICERS

President - - - Ruth Mary Dubley Vice President - - - Alan Dickson
Secretary-Treasurer - - Joe Mergen

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

First Row—R. Rose, B. Mutchler, M. Cole, B. Hopkins, Mrs. Rector, B. Dollard, F. Ketterer, R. Stebbins, E. Lindholm, T. Lorenz.

Second Row—E. Agner, H. Wilkie, R. Sund, B. Swenson, S. Bradley, I. Torkelson, B. Lorenz, F. Hanson, D. Johnson.

Top Row—F. Hahn, R. Garver, F. Butler, H. Ryan, B. Schmidt, D. Lewis, J. Woy, I. Topp, I. McNeil, K. Carter.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First Row—R. Wilson, B. Pratt, K. MacKinnon, B. Block, G. Woy, Mrs. Rector, G. Brodhead, M. Ohm, M. McLeod, J. Mathews.

Second Row—C. Johnson, H. Milward, B. Hunt, M. Beardsley, C. Clarke, M. Rehling, F. Johnson, C. Bridgeman, B. Waters.

Third Row—E. Ramsdell, U. Hagen, L. Cowgill, R. Dudley, M. Larson, P. Coles, M. Missman, G. Griffin, E. Bast, J. Mueller.

Top Row—M. Bush, J. Stark, H. Rockwood, B. Hunter, B. Jackson, J. Ryan, B. Kessenich, M. Tredennick, H. Hendrickson.

The Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club of this year was one of the most successful organized at Wisconsin High. Although the membership was slightly smaller than that of last year many more good solo and quartette voices were found. The first public performance of this organization was not the usual Minstrel Show but a musical revue entitled "A Symphony in Black and White." They were ably assisted by the Girls' Glee Club and the School Orchestra. Immediately after this hit rehearsals for the Christmas Program got underway. Although the Glee Club didn't undertake to sing the songs in "foreign tongues" the program was very colorful and very well rendered.

Immediately after the holidays the question of the operetta arose. After much deliberation on the part of everyone "The Debutante" by Victor Herbert was chosen, not only because of the many roles but because of the marvelous opportunity for chorus work. At the beginning of February the boys turned "chorus dolls." After much rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Lees, Mrs. Rector, and Miss White, the show was put on, and proved to be a big success. It was a fitting climax of activities for a highly successful year.

OFFICERS

President - - - Edmund Dollard Secretary - - - - Roland Sund
Librarian - - - - Frank Ketterer Treasurer - - - - Robert Hopkins

Girls' Glee Club

Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Rector the Girl's Glee Club has accomplished a great deal this year. The girls first of all attempted a difficult performance this fall. In conjunction with the Boy's Glee Club and the rest of the Play Shop they presented the Symphony in Black and White. Chorus steps and selections featured the Girl's Glee Club as well as the Boys'. The Girl's Glee Club also presented several soloists to add to the unique performance. To the Christmas Program the girls contributed both soloists and group songs. All of these contributions were indeed grand, but none of them could compare with the operetta. The girls as usual joined with the boys in all the chorus work, while certain of the girls soloed either as dancers or as singers. Girls who took cast parts were Margeret Bush, Lorena Cowgill, Gail Brodhead, Beverly Tregoning, Caryl Bridgeman, Jean Ryan, Barbara Smith and Grace Woy. All in all the Girl's Glee Club had a profitable year, and with very few of the members graduating, looks forward toward an even better future.

Officers

President - - - - - Grace Woy Secretary - - - - Gail Brodhead
Librarian - - - - - Betty Block

OPERETTA

SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Operetta

Amid the pretty music, witty dialougue, and catchy chorus movements of Victor Herbert's fine operetta, "The Debutante," the Play Shop of Wisconsin High created another fine success. Presented both April 27 and 28 the operetta brought forth large crowds each night. Keeping the crowd in a constant uproar a cleverly coached cast ably took their parts. Irvin Topp with his melodious voice and obvious nonchalance, Steven Bradley straight and firm as only a man of militarism can be, Horace Wilkie with a clever French accent to aid to his love making; Frank Ketterer fat, henpecked and jovial; Edmund Dollard a widower with a passion for wine, women and song! Margaret Bush beautiful in voice, furious in love; Gail Brodhead the ravishing star of the Russian opera; Lorena Cowgill, a riotous public minded woman—all of these cast members took their parts capably. Along with the regular chorus movements came individual and group dancing such as the tap dance by Clara Clarke and Betty Jane Pratt, and the dance by Gail Griffin and Jean Mathews. Other cast members who presented their parts excellently although they were smaller were Robert Sakrison, Joe Bradley, Caryl Bridgeman, Ruth Mary Dudley, Beverly Tregoning, Barbara Smith, Jean Ryan, Grace Woy, Fred Butler, and Roland Sund. Even though the operetta was more difficult than usual, with the fine coaching of director Lees, music director Rector and dance director White the show was a great success.

Symphony in Black and White

The Symphony in Black and White was presented on November 26, by the playshop in place of the usual Minstrel Show. It was given at Bascom Hall and proved to be a great success as the entire house was filled. There were several original skits, among them being "Brer Rabbit" by Red Domino, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Thalia, and "Noah's Ark" by Triaconta, all of which were exceedingly clever. The main stage setting for the whole performance was a mammoth keyboard across the back which symbolized the Black and White theme in a very original manner. Although the music around which the whole show was built was "Hallelujah" there were numerous other songs given throughout the program. Among these were "Ole' Man River," "Lazy Bones," and "Carry Me Back to Ole' Virginny." Something novel in the way of stage dancing was introduced this year. This time it was a boys' dance along the line of interpretive dancing. This performance was indeed fine and ranked high among the dramatic successes of the school this year.

Christmas Program

The annual Christmas program, as a joint production by the music and dramatic departments, was given on December eighteenth in the assembly.

The boys' and girls' glee clubs, the orchestra, special quartettes, and solos, furnished the music in a splendid fashion. The short play given was based on the time of Moses and was portrayed excellently by a good cast. Horace Wilkie read the prologue along with the play making the whole program stand out as a well organized unit, with an ideal Christmas atmosphere.

Irvin Topp rendered "Cantique D'Noel" in true professional fashion. The two quartettes are to be commended highly on their polished performances. This assembly drew an unusually good crowd of visitors, among them parents, distinquished alumni and friends, all of them greatly enjoying the show.

Junior High Music

The entire musical section has developed rapidly under the able direction of Mrs. Rector. We plan to give an assembly program at the end of the school year.

In the orchestra, our violin section is very strong. Owen Otto and Mary Jane Marks have contested for first chair, with Sylvia Jackson a close third. Two of the beginning violinists, Jane Harriet Hicks and Tim Harrington, have progressed enough to enter the first violin section.

In the clarinet section, Mary Jean Oeland has held undisputed claim to first position.

Joe Hirschberg is the best and only cellist.

Our brass section consists of Bob Morris, Mary Stoeber, and Doris McLean, who play trumpet, melaphone, and trombone, respectively. Helen Hopkins is our efficient pianist.

Our Glee Club is very large. Some of the best and poorer singers have received special help from the participators.

We plan to make up several small groups to sing in the assembly. At the Christmas program a quartet composed of Richard Bradley, Herbert Pekel, Jr., Mac Greeley, and John Tim Harrington, sang "Silent Night." We are planning to select a soloist from the entire group to sing at the assembly program.

We wish to compliment Mrs. Rector on her patience in leading our lively group. She has given greatly appreciated encouragement to the beginners in the orchestra and to some Glee Club members who have difficulty in vocal music.

By the end of this year many of our group will be eligible for the Senior Orchestra and Glee Club.

SCHOOL PLAY

First Row—R. Lowman, U. Hagen, H. Ryan, B. Block, J. Mathews.
Second Row—R. Rose, K. Carter, B. Lorenz, M. Cole.

"The Late Christopher Bean"

In a rollicking, hilarious fashion, subtly mixed with pathos, the first American amateur production of "The Late Christopher Bean" was presented before an enthusiastic audience of 300 at Bascom Hall March 10. Taken from the story, "Prenez Garde a La Peinture" by Rene Frauchois, the play was delightful entertainment for all.

Outstanding in the cast was Robert Rose as Doctor Haggett, dull but kind-hearted. He played the part to its limit and portrayed it with unusual sensitiveness.

Ruth Lowman endowed the role of Abby, the late Christopher Bean's only real friend, with a well-displayed sympathy and understanding of the old servant. Her Abby was a truly ingratiating character.

The role of Mrs. Haggett was ably taken by Betty Block. Greedy for wealth and ambitious for her darling daughter, Ada, she made an admirable foil for the Doctor.

The parts of the younger Haggetts were played by Jean Mathews as Susan, and Uta Hagan at Ada, "the baby of the family." As her mother's darling, Ada's self-love and faults are delightfully played up by Uta Hagan, and Susan, as played by Jean Mathews, is a relief from the deception and scheming of the entire family, and when she finally rebels, we applaud her long and heartily.

The part of Warren Creamer, the young artist and former pupil of Christopher Bean, is excellently taken by William Lorenz.

Dr. Haggett's contacts with art critics, dealers, and forgers made excellent scenes in which the characters were played to their full value by Malcolm Cole as Tallent, Keith Carter as Rosen, and Heber Ryan as Davenport.

One Act Play

The first series of One Act Plays was given in early December of 1933. It consisted of three short plays given by those picked by Mr. Lees from people who had shown talent in the Black and White Symphony.

The first was a charming story presented by the seventh and eighth grade English classes. They read the story of "Feathertop" in class, and then cleverly put it together, with the help of Miss Springhorn, to form a delightful play. Creating their own dances, poetry, action, and lines, they presented the piece in veteran style. Most impressive was Helen Hall as Mother Higby, the creator of Feathertop, who carried her part with surprising ease and finesse. The part of Feathertop, the scarecrow brought to life by Mother Higby's magic pipe, was excellently taken by Tom Patterson. Joseph Hirschberg, Margaret Kinne, Richard Bradley, and Nancy Wright all contributed much in backstage work as well as on the stage.

The second play was one called "The Deceivers" with Gail Brodhead, Keith Carter, and John Woy. This is a merry comedy involving mistaken identities, which result in perplexing situations to the evident joy and delight of the audience.

The last of the first series, "Red Carnations," with Bud Dollard, Edna Stoneman, and Steve Bradley, was also a comedy. When two men, answering to the name of Smith, romantically inclined, plan unknowingly to meet the same girl in the park each wearing a red carnation as the means of recognition, there is an amusing mix-up.

The second series consisted of three One Act Plays of which the first was a comedy called "Aunt Aggie's Foreign Exchange" with Virginia Reynolds, Virginia Johnson, Harriet Hendrickson, Ruth Lowman, and Gail Griffin. Outstanding in this sparkling farce was Virginia Reynolds as Aunt Aggie, who, though she was from Peoria, could outsmart any slick foreigner. Virginia Johnson, as the gullible American girl about to buy the false jewels, was very convincing, and Harriet Hendrickson and Ruth Lowman were excellent as the sly, but not sly enough, imposters, trying to get rid of the jewels.

The second play was called "Mr. Q" with Steward Edgerton, Charles Kallevang, Roy Colbert, and Betty Hunter. The plot was built around the fact that everyone needed fifty pounds and therefore tried to outwit each other by mysterious mumblings about a spiritual Mr. Q who kept demanding money from the regions above.

The last play was "Supressed Desires" with John Woy, Eleanor Ramsdell, and Lillian Liebetrau. The latter, as the wife, is infatuated with a new fad of unknown, sub-conscious desires that a doctor has introduced to the town. She nearly drives her husband mad until *he* goes to this doctor and finds that his hidden longing, hitherto unknown to him, is to divorce his wife. When he reveals it to his wife, she realizes the silliness of the doctor's ideas and the story ends with her renouncing all such notions. The actors of this piece carried it off very well, and it was a fitting climax to the evening.

DEBATE CLUB

First Row—B. Bass, C. Brechler, P. Coles, L. McNeil, L. Cowgill, R. Colbert.
Second Row—S. Edgerton, A. Grebler, R. Sund, J. Wilkie, F. Daniels.
Top Row—F. Butler, H. Edwards, M. Craig, H. Ryan, J. Curtin, B. Collins.

Debating Club

The object of the debate club is to promote and support debating and other forensic activities. This purpose has been well developed during the year at the regular meetings in the homes of mmbers.

The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Borchers. The success of the year is no doubt due to the influence of that meeting and the careful planning of activities for the year. Practice debates and outside speakers on the debate question made up the meetings for the most part. As a finale to the years program the entire club attended the state debates in the capital.

This year more than ever before, the debating club presented a program that was well rounded, successful and traditional. The meetings this year were held at the homes of Frederick Butler, Carlton Brechler, Pauline Coles, and Miss Borchers.

OFFICERS

President - - - CARLTON BRECHLER
Vice-President - - - LAIRD MCNEIL
Secretary - - - LORENA COWGILL
Treasurer - - - FARRINGTON DANIELS

Forensics

This year Wisconsin High School had a large turnout in public speaking with sixty persons entering the five different contests. Each class had representatives with at least one from each class taking a first place. Although only five people could win it gave a fine opportunity to everyone in public speaking. Elimination contests took place in the Speech classes before the finals were held. The best five or six in each contest were allowed to enter the finals.

For the first time two Declamatory contests were held, namely the serious and humorous contests. In the serious Declamation two freshmen carried off the honors, with Richard James being first and presenting, "The White Streak" while Florence Daniels was second. Heber Ryan won first in the humorous declamation presenting "If I Was a Bloomin' Peer" with Jean Mathews second. There were a number of good humorous declamations so this contest proved unusually hard to judge.

In the Extemporaneous speaking contest in which the speakers spoke on national problems Will Collins and Carlton Brechler were first and second respectively in a field of two. Jean Mathews for the second time took first in the extemporaneous reading contest while Malcolm Cole earned second.

Horace Wilkie with his own oration, "The Underdog" was first and Charles Deakman was second in the Oratorical Contest.

Although they had less than a weeks training after winning the school contests the five winners met contestants from Monroe, Stoughton and Brooklyn in the Wisconsin High School auditorium. Jean Mathews won first place in the extemporaneous reading contest while Horace Wilkie was a close second in the oratorical contests. All of the Wisconsin High representatives did excellently, although some of them were handicapped by more difficult selections.

Jean Mathews then went to Whitewater for the District Championship and did exceedingly well taking second in a field of nine. Thus ended a most interesting and successful year for Wisconsin High Forensics.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football Games

FORT ATKINSON

The score, 12-0 doesn't show how poor Wisconsin High really was. It was the first game that many of the boys had played; consequently lack of experience showed up greatly. Late in the second quarter Householder fumbled a bad pass from center and Fort recovered on the Prep's six-yard line. In four plays the heavy Fort team crossed the goal. Their second and last score came as a result of a long pass in the third quarter. The fighting Blue and White players advanced the ball once to the one-yard line and once to the seven-yard line but could not push their way over.

Football Games

Stoughton

A scrappy Badger Prep team succeeded in holding the powerful Stoughton aggregation, champions of the Southern Six, to a scoreless tie. The game was a dull affair being played for the most part between the two thirty-yard lines. Although the offense of our fighting team was never of a threatening nature, our defense on the other hand was inpregnable. Johnny Householder's punting kept the preps out of danger while the work of Ranny Miller, Duckay Marsh and Art Peterson stood out in the line.

Edgerton

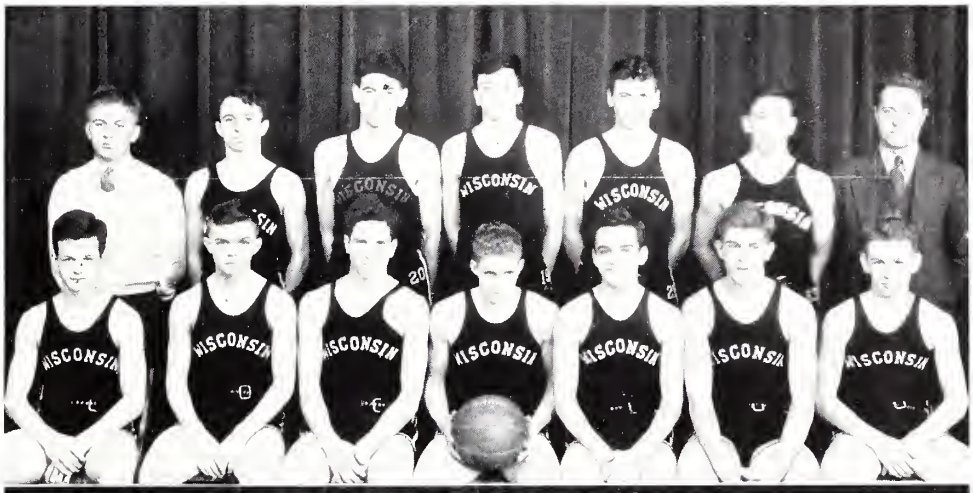
The scoreless wonders of Wisconsin High invaded Edgerton only to return on the short end of a 10-7 score. Throughout the entire game a strong gale blew, giving a distinct advantage to the team which had the wind at its back. Late in the first period an Edgerton lineman broke through our line and blocked a punt, the ball rolling past the end-zone for a safety. An off tackle smash by Harry Wardle for a touchdown, and the extra point scored in the same manner, gave the Blue and White team a 7-2 lead. However this lead didn't last very long, for the Edgerton team immediately scored a touchdown on a long forward pass and another safety.

Watertown

A 6-0 victory over the Goslings made the season complete as far as many of the preps were concerned. It was the first time in three years that we licked them and it made the boys feel pretty good. The game was played under the new lights at Watertown amid a cheerless drizzle. Early in the second quarter Ranny Miller snared a long pass and ran to the seven yard line. From here Wardle took the ball over in two thrusts at the line. Thanks to the staller punting of Johnny Householder the Goslings made only one serious threat which was ended by the final gun.

Monroe

On a cold, damp day hardly fit for football or for anything else, the preps brought their current season to a close, with a decisive victory over Monroe. A light snow didn't seem to hinder the Blue and White team at all as they easily scored one touchdown in the first quarter, two in the third, and one in the last. Kermie Stick's interception of a Monroe pass and the sixty-yard run that followed was the feature of the game. The entire Wisconsin High squad saw action in the game.



BASKETBALL SQUAD

First Row—H. Wardle, V. Morrison, R. Miller, J. Householder, H. Wilkie, D. Marsh, B. Truax.
Second Row—F. Ketterer, R. Stebbins, B. Capitani, H. Ryan, B. Kelley, F. Hanson, Mr. Rippe.

B SQUAD

First Row—B. Jones, B. Mutchler, A. Ellis, H. Van Abel, D. Allemang, E. Agner, B. Winslow, D. Hunzicker, J. Wilson, R. Hackbarth.

Second Row—J. Wilkie, E. Lindholm, R. Allbrecht, A. Grebler, Mr. Rippe, W. Stick, R. Davis, K. Stick, R. Rose.

Tow Row—H. Hackbarth, C. Royston, I. Topp, B. Schmidt, H. Edwards, M. Craig, L. McNeil, D. Lilligren, A. Dickson, B. Twenhofel.

Basketball Games

West—November 29

The Badger Preps got off on the wrong foot as a taller, heavier, and better aggregation from West took them in by the lop-sided score of 30-15.

East—December 8

A spirited second half rally by the Blue and White team fell short as the Preps lost their second game in as many starts. The score this time was 26-20, but the game was even closer than the score.

Stoughton—December 15

At last the team found itself, crashing through with a decisive 15-12 victory over a brilliant Stoughton outfit. The Preps flashed a beautiful passing attack combined with an almost impenetrable defense.

Monroe—December 22

Monroe's proverbial jinx got the Preps again even though the red men did lose by a 10-6 count. Neither team could connect with the hoop, consequently the game was quite dead.

Central—January 6

Wisconsin High, presenting a revised lineup, uncovered their shooting eyes and soundly drubbed a disorganized Central team to the tune of 21-14.

Watertown—January 12

Playing a fast, hard game the Preps succeeded in taking a small and hard fighting team from Watertown by the score of 18-11.

Edgerton—January 19

Despite the small gym at the Tobacco city, our team came from behind in the second half and defeated Edgerton, 23-17.

Fort Atkinson—January 26

Fort's usually troublesome cagers presented little or no problem to the Preps as they went down to defeat under a barrage of points, 22-4.

Stoughton—February 2

Fighting from start to finish the Preps grabbed a lead and held on to it throughout, coming out on the long end of a 18-15 score.

Basketball Games

MONROE—February 9

Trailing at half-time by ten points, the Blue and White cagers scored sixteen points in some four minutes, pushing the red men down to a humiliating 23-18 defeat.

WEST—February 13

The score, 27-14, doesn't indicate how hard fought and close the game really was. The biggest difficulty the Preps ran up against was fouls.

WATERTOWN—February 16

It took plenty of fire and fight to handle Watertown, but the Preps did it. This time the score was 17-14.

EDGERTON—February 23

Rallying in the second half the Wisconsin High cagers rose to great heights and clinched the pennant of the Southern Six by the score of 19-14.

CENTRAL—February 27

A smooth offense and a tight defense gave Wisconsin High the background for their victory over Central, 22-14.

EAST—March 1

Fighting their hearts out the Preps managed to outlast East and handed them a stinging defeat, 19-14.

FORT ATKINSON—March 2

Weary from the two games they had already played during the week, the Blue and White failed to click and lost to Fort Atkinson, 29-19.

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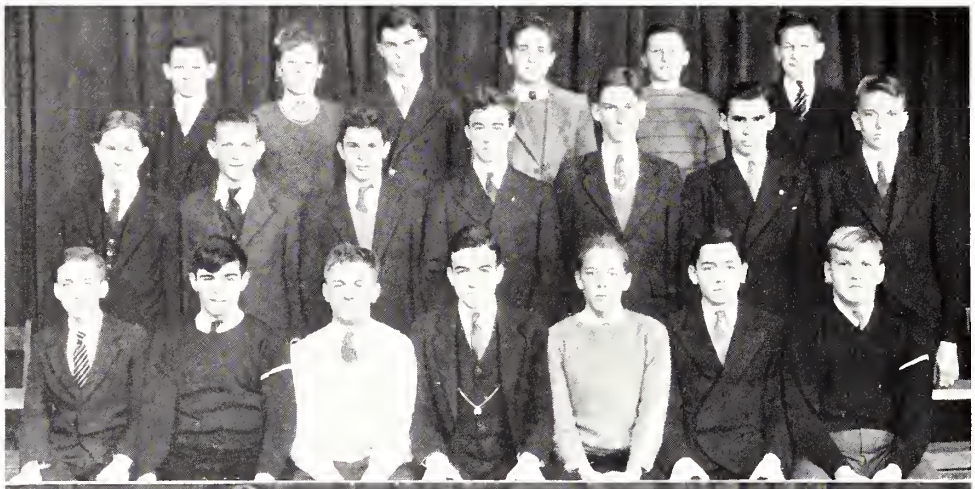
DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

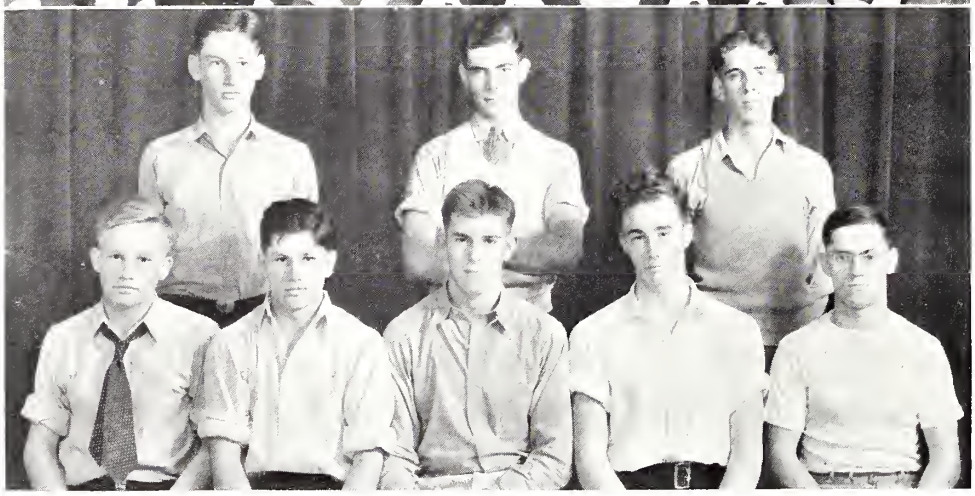
BARNEVELD—March 15

There wasn't the slightest doubt as to the outcome of this battle as the Preps swept to an easy 28-18 victory in their first "B" Tournament game.

BROOKLYN—March 16

A valiant rally in the last quarter couldn't possibly make up for the missed shots of the first three periods as the Preps went down to a stinging defeat 24-22.





SWIMMING

First Row—D. Hunzicker, K. Stuck, F. Ketterer, B. Dollard, S. Bradley, D. Lilligren, B. Swenson.
Second Row—C. Kallevang, C. Royston, B. Lorenz, J. Woy, D. Turner, H. Edwards, D. Lewis.
Top Row—W. Sommers, T. Lorenz, K. Carter, A. Grebler, E. Agner, R. Rose.

TRACK

First Row—D. Johnson, J. Brahm, D. Marsh, J. Woy, R. Evans.
Second Row—D. Turner, J. Curtin, B. Schmidt.

Swimming

Although the swimming team this year did not come through with any victories, the purpose of the squad was accomplished. Janesville was the only team to furnish opposition to our team this year. The first meet held here in Madison found Wisconsin High in defeat just as did the return meet held in January. From the time that school started until the end, every week the members of the squad would visit the university tank for a swim. While some of the swimmers such as Captain Bud Dollard, Steve Bradley, Frank Ketterer, Charles Kallevang, and Kermit Stick were kept busy swimming the remainder of the squad would engage in a free for all water polo game. As was expected everyone had a good time at the same time that they learned a lot. A great deal of credit is due Coach Traskell, who ably guided the swimmers in their enjoyment.

Track

This year on account of the operetta and the various intra-mural sports, track was a little late in starting. And due to the graduation of all but one of the last-year's lettermen, Coach Rippe had to start in on a new team. But the prospects seem very good, and we should be well represented in the City meet, May 26.

Again, as last year, the Southern Six voted to omit track because of financial difficulties. But it is possible that we may have a dual meet with Monroe if enough men report.

The team is built around Captain Duncan Marsh and Arthur Petersen in the weights, Dollard and Stick in the dashes and Schmidt in the high jump. These men will be reenforced by new candidates, reporting now that intra-murals have finished. Some of the men plan on going to Waukesha to the district meet, and if they meet with success there, they will enter the State. Although lacking in quantity, the team makes up for it in quality, and will certainly do our school justice in any meet.

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Go easy on
my pal Tom
Jimmie +
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Helen.
Remember when you used to live in back me— of course we never did anything our mothers didn't know about— what they don't know won't hurt them
A pal
Esther

Helen:
Don't forget the good times we had out to your cottage. More fun oh what!
your pal
Betty

Do you still love me?
I hope so.
Margaret Casey

P.S. Stockings always come in handy don't they?

THE 1934

Helen Rochwood
Janet Rochwood
Junior High

To Lewis

You're a swell kid, a great sport, and lots of fun. I hope to see a lot of you at Wisconsin High next year.

Sore
Ann
(otherwise)
"Fishy" to you

Elizabeth Brigham
Dorothy K. Steckling 6/8/34
Dorothy Nieber
Marian Nielsen
"Ted" Roberge
Edward Cook

Jimmy-Lewis

WISCONSIN

Remember the notes we wrote in 11 o'clock study hall? Well, here's one last, but I hope not last.

Yours truly